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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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BOROUGH AND TOWNSHIP PRIMARIES.

Good Men Named on Both Tickets in Both Districts.

A FEW GOOD-NATURED CONTESTS.

Several Popular Candidates Receive Nomination on Both Tickets—The Prohibitionists Partly Fill a Ticket—Party Lines were Not Closely Drawn.

The winter primaries were held all over the county last Saturday afternoon and candidates were placed in nomination for the various local offices to be voted for at the election to be held on Tuesday, Feb. 16.

In this borough the only contests were on the Republican side of the house for councilmen, school directors and tax collector. The Democrats had no contests, in fact more than half the places on their ticket were blank, and enough of those who wrote in names voted for Republicans to make a majority of them of the opposite political belief. Here is the ticket as nominated:

Burgess.

S. H. Cleveland, Republican.
John F. Rooney, Democrat.
A. E. Foster, Prohibition.

Justice of the Peace.

A. W. Colegrove, Republican-Democrat.

Councilmen.

J. C. Backus, Republican-Democrat.
G. H. Denning, Republican-Democrat.
E. W. Strong, Prohibition.
Allen Park, Prohibition. Mr. Park informs us that he has withdrawn.

School Directors.

John B. Eastman, Republican.
Sandford L. Fry, Republican.
John Clark, Democrat.
Jno. N. Apple, Democrat.
Oscar Engstrom, Prohibition.

Auditor.

J. A. Swanson, Republican-Prohi.
Wade Bardloff, Democrat.

Collector.

R. C. Gleason, Republican-Democrat-Prohibition.

Judge of Election.

A. H. Kidder, Republican.
Geo. Barber, Democrat.
N. M. Day, Prohibition.

Inspector of Election.

L. K. Hogarth, Republican.
E. T. Daly, Democrat.

The ticket nominated in Keating Twp. is as follows:

Supervisor—A. McGregor, R; C. H. Curtis, D.

School Directors—James Bray, R. D; D. M. Cooper, R.D.

Town Clerk—P. H. McAhon, R.D.

Auditor—Michael Herzog, R; S. D. Crawford, D.

Collector—A. G. Farley, R.D.

Assistant Assessor—1st Dist: Frank Thornton, R.D; 2nd Dist: Leon Curtis, R.D; 3rd Dist: A. Wicks.

Judge of Election—1st Dist: G. O. Chase, R; B. B. Pierce, D; 2nd Dist: Asa Champlain, D; Henry Cook, R; 3rd Dist: C. H. Denninger, D; George Hancock, R.

Inspector of Election—1st Dist: J. E. Stull, R; J. D. Abbey, D; 2nd Dist: W. P. Beckwith, R; Frank Palmer and Henry Cook, Ds, tied; 3rd Dist: James Carter, R; C. E. Niver, D.

Found Dead at Mt. Alton.

Mrs. Eva Pickard, wife of Charles Pickard of Mt. Alton, was found dead upon the floor at her home at 3:30 p. m. last Friday afternoon. The young woman had been in her usual health and had eaten dinner with her husband at noon. Mr. Pickard left her at 1 o'clock; at which time she appeared to be as well as usual.

Shortly after 2 o'clock Mrs. Strong the mother of Mrs. Pickard, called to see her daughter, and noticing no signs of life around the house, went into a bedroom where she was horrified to find the body of her daughter lying upon the floor. Dr. Fraker was called and thinking that the woman's death had not been from natural causes he notified Coroner Sherman, who went to Mt. Alton and after a brief investigation decided to hold an inquest. Dr. F. W. Winger of Bradford was summoned and on Saturday morning performed an autopsy, which proved that Mrs. Pickard had come to her death from natural causes, and the verdict of the coroner's jury was rendered accordingly.

Mrs. Pickard was only sixteen years of age and was married only last month. Her remains were taken through this place on Monday and laid at rest in the Colegrove cemetery.

Horses for Sale.

10 horses for sale drivers and workers. Inquire of J. T. Edwards at the fair grounds or of A. T. Palmer at Palmer's Livery, 201 Water street, Smethport.

Alleged Embezzlers Arrested.

On Monday the Thomas Brothers, dealers in dress goods and laces, came here from Olean and swore out a warrant for David and Condoner Alexander on a charge of embezzlement as consignees, and the warrant was given to Constable Foot, who started in search for the Alexanders. About midnight Condoner was found in bed at a lodging house in East Smethport and after much parley and a little force on the part of the officer Condoner was lodged in the bastile to await a hearing.

At one o'clock Tuesday afternoon he was given a hearing before Justice Gleason at which time he made it known, not with out considerable difficulty, as he is a foreigner who has only been in this country four months, that David, his brother, was the main squeeze in this brotherly corporation, had all the funds and was the one who was guilty, if either had done wrong. He said his brother was in Hazelhurst and all concerned decided to postpone the hearing until after an attempt was made to apprehend David. Constable Foot then journeyed to Hazelhurst where he found David and returned to Smethport with him.

The charge was then made that the Alexanders had jointly disposed of a horse and rig, together with divers other articles of value, belonging to the Thomas Brothers to the amount of $500 or thereabouts, and that the Alexanders had not properly accounted to them for the goods, as agents should. The Alexanders claimed that the goods had been purchased outright by them from the Thomas Brothers on open account and therefore they were not guilty of embezzlement as consignees. After due deliberation Justice Gleason decided that it was a case for the higher court and he held the prisoners in the sum of $200 bail each, in default of which they were lodged in jail to await trial.

The Thomases and Alexanders are relatives and it is the opinion of those most conversant with the facts that this is the outcome of a family quarrel and that the case will be amicably settled before it comes to trial.

Explosion at Lewis Run.

Two men were injured and the plant of the Tuna Valley Pressed Brick company at Lewis Run had a narrow escape from destruction by fire, following a gas explosion in the engine room last evening. Prompt work with the fire fighting apparatus maintained by the company, saved the buildings and the financial loss was not much more than $100, says Tuesday's Era.

A gas line in the engine room became broken while some repairs were being made and the escaping gas soon ignited from the lights in the place, and there was a terrific explosion which loosened the roof and started a fire.

The two men in the engine room at the time were R. C. Gordon, who was making the repairs, and Engineer Phil Dorry. The former was thrown against the side of the building and considerably bruised. Mr. Dorry was burned about the side of his face and on the hand. Dazed as he was, Mr. Dorry gave a fire alarm on the factory whistle and at once started to get out the hose attached to the company's high water pressure. Within a few minutes others were there to assist.

The flames, meanwhile, had reached the attic of the main building and a part of the roof was burned away.

The work of Engineer Dorry undoubtedly saved a much greater property loss and his employers were much pleased with his efforts.

The explosion and fire will not cripple the plant for more than a couple of days.

The loss is covered by insurance.

Attention Candidates.

The attention of all candidates for any political office, township, borough, city or county, is called to the fact that said candidates, whether successful or not, must file an account of their expenses or run a chance of being fined for not performing such duty.

Many people seem to be of the opinion that only successful candidates must file expense accounts, but such is not the case. Any person who has been a candidate either at the primaries or the general election must file an affidavit of expense, if any and if no expense was incurred a statement to that effect must be filed.

Prothonotary B. F. Starsky informed the writer on Tuesday that many candidates throughout the county probably did not understand this new law, which is a part of the Corrupt Practices act, and that unless it was given all the publicity possible many candidates, especially those who incurred no expense in their canvass, will fail to make the proper statement and thus lay themselves liable to a fine.

Look Who's Here.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoons and evenings. Two reels of pictures and The Springford Trio, singers and dancers. Admission 10 cents. Children under 12 years five cents, afternoons only. Performances at 8:30, 4:15, 7:15, 8 and 8:45.

The Star Continuous Show.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Let Hunters Use Their Dogs.

For some time past there has been considerable talk about passing a law at this session of the legislature to prevent the use of dogs in hunting game birds in this state, but aside from newspaper talk we have been unable to learn any particulars of the proposed measure. We presume that if such a law is under consideration by the game commission it is with the intention of further protecting our game birds, but from many points of view the idea is a bad one and it will never meet the approbation of the sportsmen of this Commonwealth.

In the first place the game birds receive more protection from the true sportsmen than from all the laws that were ever passed by our legislators, simply because the enforcement of these laws almost entirely depends on the interest taken and financial aid given by the local nimrods. The state law-makers have always passed plenty of laws for the protection of fish and game but have always been deficient in providing for the proper enforcement of the same. For years the laws protecting fish and game in this county were almost entirely ignored and there never was a prosecution for violation of these laws until local fish and game clubs were formed and wardens hired by them.

A large majority of the members of these clubs, if they are lovers of the gun, are also lovers and owners of good bird dogs and get fully as much pleasure out of watching a good dog work as they do out of the killing of the game. Legislate them out of the use of the dog in this sport and you kill their interest, and their financial support will be withdrawn, without which the game laws will become practically dead letters.

From a humane view point the exodus of the dog would be bad. The still hunter raises a bird, wounds it by breaking a wing, which happens in fifty per cent. of the cases, the bird falls to the ground, runs and hides where the hunter cannot find it and suffers until a fox, cat, weasel, hawk or owl puts it out of its misery by devouring it. But when the hunter has a good dog the wounded bird is found and put out of its misery at once.

With our present laws, enforced as they have been for the past few years, the game in this section of the state has increased wonderfully and we think we are voicing the sentiment of almost every hunter in the northern tier, if not in the whole state, when we ask that our dogs be left to hunt with us. Shorten the season if it appears advisable but don't kill the interest of the true sportsman, because he is the backbone and life of all the game and fish laws.

Civil Court News.

On Thursday afternoon of last week Judge Ormerod heard the case of Mrs. David Sloppy vs. the Pennsylvania Railroad company. The court granted a compulsory non-suit as there was contributory negligence on the part of the co-employe.

The case of Louis Lovitz vs. L. Newell and A. W. Newell, was heard by Judge Bouton Thursday afternoon. On a motion of the counsel for the plaintiff, A. W. Newell was taken off the record as a defendant and the case went on with only L. Newell as a defendant. The case went to the jury Friday morning and a verdict was given for the plaintiff in the sum of $45.

The case of W. I. Oviatt vs. the County of McKean was heard Thursday. Mr. Oviatt brought action against the county commissioners for $45 which he claims they owe him for services as county auditor. A verdict for the plaintiff in the sum of $36.80 was brought in by the jury.

The last case ready for trial was that of Mary L. Sprague vs. the Knights of the Maccabees. Continued.

Court adjourned Friday afternoon.

A Fickle Affinity.

A certain individual residing in the southern portion of this borough, a man of family who has been working out of town returning home to stay over Sunday, complains that the fates have been unkind to him, says a Wellsboro special to the Potter Democrat. On the occasion of his last three visits home he has been accompanied by a lady friend whom he got acquainted with at the place of his occupation. His wife who is a very patient woman, while displeased with conditions, lived in hopes that the matter would soon end. And it did. On last Saturday night the individual appeared with his "affinity," but alas on Sunday when the sun was up the "affinity" arose and quietly left taking with her the 22 year-old son of her host who had treacherously supplanted his father in the affections of the lady. Since then no tidings have been received from the happy couple, but the lady left with her former friend her 9-year-old son in exchange for the one she took.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm impliments. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Give the MINER Job Printing Department a trial.

Looking Backward at Life.

The perspective of life shows some strange transformations in values. It reveals that the only great things in life are trifles, that what pained us most, saddened our hearts and made pillows wet with tears, were only trifles cumulating into overwhelming importance. A cruel word, an unkindness, a little misunderstanding may darken a day and separate us from one we love or petrify us into a mood of doubt and despair. The most joyous moments of life, the high-lights in the pictures of memory, may too be only trifles of kindness, fine expressions of love, simple tributes of confidence and trust that make the very heart smile as we remember.

Nature is constantly giving us these turns in the road to see living in true perspective. A supreme sorrow, an agonizing sense of loss, the high-tide of failure that carries our dearest hopes out to sea, a long period of illness and suffering, a storm of disaster when the ship of our work of years sinks in a moment in a dark night of despair, the death of one who is dearest and nearest may prove—a turn in the road. Then may come one of those rare moments of life, of fine spiritual discernment, of luminous revelation, of coming to one's highest self, when the sordid, the mean, the temporary, the selfish, are stripped in an instant of their garish shams and tinsel. Then the real, the true, the eternal, stand out in their majesty bathed in the splendor and glow of the revealing of truth. In such a spirit the very tingle of the inspiration of the infinite fills us, we seem born again to new, better and greater things, for we have seen the vision—at turn of the road.—The Circle magazine for January.

Committed Suicide at Kane.

Yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock the inmates of the Kane House were startled by the report of a revolver. Hastening up-stairs they found A. H. Hanson who had been taken in by Mr. Crowe, the proprietor of the house, laying on the bed with a ghastly wound in his head and blood flowing from the same.

Burgess Gillis and a physician were notified. Dr. Butler examined the wound and found that the bullet had lodged in the head and that, in his opinion, the man could not recover. He was conscious and when questioned said that it was an accident, but afterwards he admitted that he had done the deed because he did not want to go the poor house. County Commissioner John A. Peterson, was over and was looking into the case with the intention of taking him over to the poor farm on the 4:00 train. The man is alive at this writing but is unconscious and sinking rapidly.

Mr. Hanson was well known in Kane, having resided here for many years. Let us therefore throw the mantle of charity over his past and remember only the good.—Saturday's Kane Republican.

Hanson died from the effects of his wounds at 9 o'clock Saturday night.

Some Heavy Eaters.

Three members of the Manhattan Fat Men's club who are in training for the forthcoming annual championship eating contest, met Monday to settle a private wager of $50 as to which of the trio could get outside of the most food. Here is what they consumed:

Ex-Alderman Frank J. Dotzler, who weighs 380 pounds—265 oysters, 8½ pounds of steak, 12 rolls, 11 cups of coffee, 3 large pies.

Jack Gossman, who weighs 315 pounds—210 oysters, 6 pounds of steak, 9 rolls, 10 cups of coffee, 3 large pies.

Jack Probst, who weighs 320 pounds—190 oysters, 11 pounds of steak, 10 rolls, 6 cups of coffee, 4 large pies.

Peter Balvado, the referee, awarded the $50 to Dotzler, who had hard work pushing the money into his vest pocket.

We honestly believe that the winner of this contest could give Grand Masticating Frog McCoy a hard race and we therefore call the attention of Recording Toad Redfield to this with the hope that he may be able to arrange a match sometime in the near future.

Four Children Cremated.

A dispatch from Dunbar, Pa., dated Jan. 27, says: Four children were cremated this morning in a fire which destroyed the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Kendall of Bryson Hill. The dead are: Earl, 11 years; Pearl, 7; Anna, 4, and the baby, 2.

Mrs. Kendall was badly bruised and cut from jumping from the second story and Mr. Kendall was slightly injured. Mr. Kendall is the engineer of the United Fire Brick Co. plant here.

The fire was caused by a gas heater left burning in the parlor. When the Kendalls awoke it was too late to save the children in the next room because of the flames and smoke.

The fire spread and destroyed the house of Mrs. S. Moyer.

Fall Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf. MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The Prohibition wave which is sweeping the country, skipped the National Capitol this week when the committee of the lower House of Congress disposed of prohibition in the District of Columbia, by tabling the bill introduced for that purpose. The liquor question has been very thoroughly gone over in Congress and while there are many members of that body who believe that temperance is a good thing for their home towns and states, there were many dissenting voices to the proposition to let our legislators go thirsty for the several months that Congress is in session here every year. When it was apparent that the District Committee was opposed to letting the Capitol go dry, the friends of prohibition expected to effect a coup by proposing that the matter be left to the residents of Washington and that evasion was also voted down. Two members, representatives Campbell of Kansas and Sims of Tennessee, alone supported the bill to introduce absolute prohibition in Washington.

The incident of the Governor of one of the greatest states in the Union continuing to draw his salary as a member of Congress and accepting checks for his full amount of stationary and clerk hire and making his requisition for mileage to and from a session which he has not attended, is without parallel in the history of that body. The gentleman with the iron clad nerve to attempt these things is Governor Lilley of Connecticut, who got himself into all temperatures of hot water last year by his so called investigations involving the Electric Boat company, but who won a vindication in his own state last fall by capturing the governorship. Mr. Lilley succeeded in making so many enemies for himself in Congress that when the question came up a few days ago whether he was entitled to his Congressional pay and prequisites while he was filling the office of governor there was not a dissenting voice raised to the proposition to seat him, which was promptly and neatly done. The law makes it mandatory for the governor to call a special session to fill a vacancy in the Congressional delegation, but as there is no penalty attached, Mr. Lilley will probably take his time before filling the seat which was so unceremoniously jerked from under him.

The second White House reception of the season took place Thursday night when the Supreme Court Justices were the honored guests. These receptions are all so much alike that were a person introduced into the East Room during one of them he would have no way of judging in whose honor it was given except by observing the guests, who were precedence. There is always a struggle though for the invitations to the receptions in honor of the diplomats and of the Judiciary for as these are the first two of the season they are most largely attended and one sees at them the greatest array of distinguished men and gorgeously arrayed women. However the President's strained relations with Congress may effect politics they do not seem to affect in any way his social relations with its members and there are only a few of those with whom he has come into direct conflict or whom he has assigned to the Ananias club, that absent themselves from his receptions and there're never missed in the great throng that crowds the White House on these occasions. The list of guests invited Thursday would fill seven ordinary newspaper columns of fine print and the line of carriages that had assembled before the doors were opened at nine o'clock extended for more than three city blocks. The additions which have been made to the White House since President Roosevelt has presided there have greatly improved the facility with which invited guests can enter its doors but it is an expression not soon to be forgotten when one for the first time, with a possible fancy that the President and Mrs. Roosevelt will be waiting just inside the door to recieve him, finds himself in the great pushing crowd that is moving inch by inch through the corridor and up the stairs to the main floor of the executive mansion. The stairs are the particularly trying stage of the journey for it is often from thirty minutes to an hour that one must take to make that flight of twenty steps. From side to side and end to end it is packed with people so close that one can move neither forward or backward until the receiving party gives the signal for the Blue Room doors to be opened and the line begins to move through the rooms known as the Red Room and banquet hall to the receiving party. At the door of the Blue Room the guest is asked his name and this is mentioned to the president by his aid, Colonel Bromwell. The president generally repeats the name, grasps the visitor by the hand and with a deft movement passes him on down the line, or rather through the passageway made by the receiving party on one side and the especially honored guests who are grouped on the other side of a velvet rope. This progress is made usually in undignified haste by the person now to the preformance. He has a vague recollection when it is over of the flash of the president's teeth, the set smile of Mrs. Roosevelt and a number of ladies in decollete gowns. The next day he will read in the paper that all of the Cabinet Ladies were present in the receiving line but in his embarassment and haste he had not seen them.

A GREAT EVENT.

Thousands of People will Visit the Metropolis of Cattaragus County During the Next Ten Days.

The Mill End Sale advertised by Bell Bros., the leading department store of Southwestern N. Y., to begin Saturday morning, January 30th, at nine o'clock, will be the most important event in the history of Greater Olean's greatest Store. Under one name or another—during the past 20 years—these Semi-Annual sales have been presented by this firm to the people of Olean and Western N. Y. and Pennsylvania—always awakening enthusiastic interest—and growing greater each time.

Intended at first to exploit piece goods, the "Mill End Sale" now brings not only vast quantities of yardage such as linens, cottons, wash goods, silk, dress goods, ribbons, white goods, laces, embroideries, carpets, furniture, but also carloads of ready-to-wear merchandise—this big store acting as a cleaning house for many mills in the New England and middle states.

Bell Bros. big investment of "Mill Ends" will enable conservative buyers an opportunity to purchase at a saving of a third and sometimes one-half of the established prices. Large four-page sheets are now being circulated throughout this section giving detailed information regarding this great event. Persons not receiving same are requested to drop a card to Bell Bros., Olean, N. Y., and a copy will be immediately mailed. Plentious assortments and splendid saving on new and beautiful goods. This sale is scheduled to begin Saturday, January 30th, and conclude Saturday, February 13th.

"Ma's New Husband."

Tuneful, racy music, a wealth of popular song hits, and bright and clever dialogue are all bespoken for "Ma's New Husband," the three act musical farce announced at the Lyceum for Thursday evening, Feb. 2, only. The comedy situations of the piece are said to be exceedingly humorous, and the story well connected and happily climaxed.

Herbert Short, the man who poses as a school boy in order that he may be near the woman he loves, is a character audacious and eccentric, whose every movement excites a peal of laughter. The scenes between him and the wealthy bachelor, Culpepper, who in yer dreams that the lad under his roof is the affianced husband of the woman with whom he, himself, is madly in love, are spoken of as uproarious. Managers Scott and Raymor are lauded everywhere for the excellent company carried and for the finished, clean and enjoyable performances given. Seats now on sale at Wells' Drug Store.

Movable Institute School.

To all who are interested in Agriculture, horticulture, etc., a movable Institute School, under the auspices of the State Department of Agriculture at Harrisburg will be given at Howe's hall East Smethport, Pa., Friday and Saturday, Feburday 5th and 6th, and Monday and Tuesday, Febraary 8th and 9th, 1909, where practical demonstrations will be given in dairying by the best dairying and milk testing experts, under the direction of dairy experts, Dr. J. D Dedrick and Prof. Wells W. Cook.

Instructions will also be given in poultry raising by Dr. Theodore Whitman, poultry expert, and in fruit growing and gardening by Prof. D. S. Kelsey, horticulturist.

Every farmer should attend these lectures, as well as all who are interested in farming, as much valuable instructions will be given free of charge.

Sessions will be given at Howe's hall at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. Public lectures will be given by prominent men at the court house at 7:30 p. m.

All are invited to attend. No charge is made for all this valuable information. Everything is free and paid for by the State.

L. W. HOWDEN, Chairman
Farmers' Institute Work.

The Howell-Keith Stock Co. Again.

The Howell-Keith Stock Co., which made such a hit here about two weeks ago will play a return engagement here to-morrow and Saturday evenings and the same popular prices will prevail—10 and 20 cents.

During their engagement here this company made many firm friends and they will be welcomed back by all who saw them and as different plays from those of their last visit will be presented on both nights it is pretty safe to say that they will be greeted with large audiences.

The play for Friday night is "Lena Rivers" and it is one of the strongest plays ever written. Remember the prices, 10 and 20 cents.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 16, 1909:

W. H. (2).

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Miss Kilroy Investigates

By TROY ALLISON.

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To the casual observer Miss Kilroy did not seem exactly fitted for an investigator of sociological problems. The government had probably been prompted by some wise head when it appointed women to that branch of work.

Formerly when men, important in uniforms and brass buttons or men in plain clothes, augmented by small pompositry, had made the rounds of the foreign settlements such dignity had frightened or embarrassed the women and children to such an extent that it was an impossibility to obtain freely spoken opinions as to what they liked in America, what they did not like, what they expected Uncle Sam to do for them or what they themselves could offer, as a just reason for Uncle Sam doing anything at all for them.

Nobody, however, could possibly take fright at pretty Miss Kilroy, who, dressed in the jauntiest white shirt waist suit, a rather gay ribbon on her hat, knocked at the humblest door of the humblest tenements and generally found a welcome.

Grantley, in charge of the temporary quarters provided while the investigation was being carried on in this city, looked up as she entered the office in the afternoon, tired, but jubilant.

"Seems to me I have secured enough information today to make a complete report upon the sociological problem in America," she said, throwing her notes upon her desk.

"Good work," he answered, wondering why she ever undertook such a job. "It's strange that the youngest, most—er"—

"Oh, don't mind me!" Go on and say it—the doll baby of the force, the woman who is a pink-faced and blond-haired that one wouldn't suspect her of having an idea concealed about her, had"—

"No, by George, I didn't mean that! I hesitated because I didn't know that it was exactly proper for me to finish my sentence. I was going to say, since I must voice your impression, the most attractive, dainty girl, who looks like a piece of bric-a-brac. I don't see how it is that she beats the others all hollow when it comes to turning in the results from a day's labor. Would you mind telling me about your methods of procedure, Miss Kilroy?" Grantley was clearly interested in knowing how she did it.

Miss Kilroy flushed somewhat shamefacedly. "I'm afraid I'm not really businesslike," she admitted, "but I proceed upon an instinctive knowledge of human nature. Today I went to interview a great big Irishwoman. When she came to the door and saw me, notebook in hand, she positively glared. There certainly wasn't a glimmer of hospitality in her face. 'What would the likes av ye be afther wantin'?' she demanded.

"When I reeled off my set of questions her indignation increased. 'How long have I'bin in America an' what ay the wurrik I have done? Faith, an' I think it impidence for a yellow haired chit of a gurrel who fridently spends her time dressing up an' wearing blue ribbons on her hat to come an' call an honest woman from her wurrik to ask questions about her private family. Ye might as well be afther liking yesilf off.' Bridget Maguire don't answer no fool questions.'

"I believe, Mr. Grantley, that if she hadn't been so seathing about my blue hat band I would have walked off and abandoned the interview, but that hat band and the 'yellow haired chit of a gurrel' had to be avenged.

"I leaned against her door dejectedly, tried to turn pale and said: 'You mustn't think I want to do it, for I so hate to be rude, but I have to do it for my living. I'm so tired and so wurm'—leaning against the door with an attitude indicating an early approach of tears—'and if I don't find out things for them they will dismiss me and I'll have nothing to live on.'

"Mrs. Maguire's bark was fiercer than her bite. Her face changed, she took hold of my arm gently and led me into her own room. 'Ye poor little crayture,' she said, 'I'll make ye a cup of tay right off, an' you'll soon be better.'

Miss Kilroy waved her notes gayly. "I felt somewhat hypocritical, but I have fitted her into the proper place in the sociological report."

Her chief smiled approval. "It takes a woman to beat all," he said. "Don't you ever meet with more serious annoyances?"

The girl blushed. "Sometimes the men stare at me a little more than I like. There is a party of Syrians in Jing's court. One of them is a fine specimen. He was dressed in beaded jackets and—er—things and had a red sash and a red fez or something fantastic on his raven locks. He would inspire an artist to paint a 'Son of the Desert' or a 'Type From the Orient.' I have had several interviews with him, because he speaks less fractured English than the others, and yesterday he insisted upon presenting me with a string of red glass beads. He—well, he was slightly effusive and called me a maid of the dawn, whose hair was kissed by the rising sun. I decided that I wouldn't interview him any more, the woman inclined to be impulsive."

Grantley chuckled. "Good thing you have closed the episode. The next chapter might disclose the oriental son of a gun deserting Hagar upon a flying steed—the maid of the dawn," who struggled and protested that she preferred Americans and their customs. Might have caused international complications by abducting you. Even as it is, he may spot your window ledge and twang a guitar or a zither, or whatever it is that Syrians do twang. He may cause you to lose a whole night's sleep."

Miss Kilroy commenced transcribing her notes tranquilly. "He's relegated to the past," she declared airily. "His song is sung."

The elevator boy stuck his head through the doorway. "There are two queer looking females—kind of foreign trappings, that want to see Miss Kilroy," he announced.

"Show them in, Tommy—that is, if you don't mind, Mr. Grantley." She looked at him inquiringly.

"Not at all. I will step into the adjoining room if they will be embarrassed, or I'll listen to your style in interviewing," he said teasingly.

Miss Kilroy smiled when her visitors entered in the very evident throes of formality. "Oh, it's you, is it, Zuleika and your pretty daughter."

The old woman smiled and nodded until her ear pendants jingled. "We come see maiden like dawn," she announced genially.

Miss Kilroy remembered the origin of the compliment and had the grace to blush. "Did you come to tell me some more about your beautiful country?" she asked graciously.

The woman shook her head. "Come to tell-a you of my son," she beamed.

"Has he succeeded in getting a position?" interestedly.

"No, not on the work we come, is it Hannah?" She appealed to her daughter delightedly.

The girl's black eyes glowed with importance. "We—we women—it is always so," she explained ingratiatingly. "It is for us to tell the fair one that she is beloved"—

"Ah! you marry my son—yes?" broke in the mother eagerly.

Miss Kilroy sank back in her chair weakly. "Of all things!" she gasped.

"You like-a my son?" urged Zuleika, leaning over and patting caressingly the limp hand of the object of her son's affection.

Miss Kilroy looked dazed. "I—I can't marry your son," she announced feebly.

"But my son—my son! He like-a you, he marry you. The way you smile make him happy. I ask you to marry my son!" her gestures expressing a fervent solicitude that exceeded her vocabulary.

"But I don't want to marry your son. I—hate your son!" declared Miss Kilroy desperately.

The eyes of the two matrimonial agents flashed and their voices rose angrily. Miss Kilroy put her hand head upon the desk and sobbed. Grantley considered this an auspicious moment for interference. He rose and spoke bluntly to the mother, who stood panting with indignation at the slight to her offspring.

"It is perhaps best for me to explain the situation, madam," said he bowed low in a manner which he hoped would impress them with an idea that he had learned his manners in foreign court circles. "It is not that Miss Kilroy scorns your son; it is that"— He hedged for time to invent something soothingly plausible, "It is only that you have come too late. Miss Kilroy is already betrothed," he added gravely, and therefore expresses regret that she cannot consider your son."

The bleak head of the sociological investigator was raised abruptly from the desk. Zuleika, however, repeated uncomprehendingly "Betrothed?"

Grantly said slowly, "Betrothed—affianced—to be wed—espoused," he added desperately.

The mother and sister of the rejected looked at each other with a flash of understanding. "Ah-ch!" they breathed.

"To me—to me," Grantley tapped his breast convincingly.

The woman's face was again wreathed in smiles. "I tell-a my son. I tell-a him that the beautiful maid not strong to cook—to wash. He marry Syrian now. May the rising sun forever kiss your hair, moss, and may your children be as many as the pomegranite seed," she said to Grantley with growing cordiality.

When the door closed behind them Grantley stood with his feet apart and his hands in his pockets, according to the method of meditating man.

"By gorie!" he said, finally.

A slight smile was Miss Kilroy's only contribution toward relieving the awkwardness of the situation.

"We're engaged," he announced cheerfully.

"You're a brute!" she answered chokingly.

"I insist my your interviews are conducted upon rather original lines," he teased.

Miss Kilroy's shoulders were shrugged resignedly. "I'll never interview another foreigner so long as I live," she declared.

"Certainly you must give that up—when we are married," he suggested, a twinkle in his eye.

She showed for an instant a pair of indignant, tearful eyes. "We are not engaged," she declared stormily, and her head went back to cover of the desk.

Grantley leaned over her gently. "I wish—we were," he suggested softly.

A sudden tense quietness settled on the bowed figure.

"I have wished for a long time—that we were," he repeated insistently.

He stooped down until he could whisper, "Aren't we, dear?" and the blond head nodded acquiescence.

The Man's Way.

"Is your husband suffering from the toothache?"

"Well," answered the woman with a tired expression, "he says he's suffering, but from the way he's bragging about it I'm half suspicious that he's enjoying it."

Bouncing Betsey.

There is an old fashioned flower called "Bouncing Betsey," which every one should love for one trait. We have noticed that it grows on all neglected graves, as if trying to cover up the fact that some one who once lived is forgotten. It may also be found in corners of old fashioned gardens, where it grows and blooms and protests against being crushed out entirely. There are some dear old fashioned people who suggest "Bouncing Betsey."—Atchison Globe.

Just Suited Her.

"Please, ma'am, I haven't a friend or a relative in the world," said the tramp.

"Well, I'm glad there's no one to worry over you in case you get hurt. Here, Tiger!" said the housekeeper.

Getting His Own Back.

"The giraffe has a tongue eighteen inches long," said Mrs. Talkmore.

"And knows how to hold it, too," growled Mr. Talkmore, who had had a long curtain lecture the night before.—London Answers.

Don't try to be a mind reader. Think how uncomfortable it would be to know what people are thinking about you.—Atchison Globe.

ERRATIC SCIENCE.

Some Wonderful Answers by Schoolroom Small Boys.

"Mushrooms always grow in damp places, and so they look like umbrellas," wrote a small boy in the science examination. Other examples of the "howler" are compiled by a writer in the scientific American:

"Air is the most necessary of all the elements. If there were no such thing as air I would not be writing this essay now, also there would be no pneumatic tires, which would be a sad loss.

"Electricity and lightning are of the same nature, the only difference being that lightning is often several miles in length, while electricity is only a few inches.

"Air usually has no weight, but found to weigh about fifteen pounds to a square inch.

"The axis of the earth is an imaginary line on which the earth is supposed to take its daily routine.

"The difference between air and water is that air can be made better, but water cannot.

"Gravity is chiefly noticeable in the autumn when the apples are falling from the trees.

"Things which are equal to each other are equal to anything else.

"A parallel straight line is one which if produced to meet itself does not meet.

"The blood is purified in the lungs by inspired air."

Ornaments of the Peerage.

Lord Lyveden is an ardent peerage reformer and full an anecdote in this connection for whose authenticity he pledges himself. This illustrates how a famous statesman of the nineteenth century was called upon to visit his son in prison. He bitterly reproached him, remarking, "Here am I having worked my way up from a middle class home to a great position, and when I die you will be the greatest blackguard in the peerage." The son listened quietly and then replied, with terrible irony, "Yes—when you die."

Another of Lord Lyveden's peerage stories is equally piquant. The son of a peer applied to a friend in the north of England for a housekeeper and was recommended a certain Mrs. Brown. The poor woman wrote to the woman in accordingly to the effect that, having learned particulars of her character, he was willing to engage her as his housekeeper and making an appointment for her to call and see him on a certain date. The good woman replied:

"My Lord—After what I have learned of your character I decline to enter your house. I am your lordship's obedient servant, ANNE BROWN.

—Westminster Gazette.

Her Latest Luxury.

"Young man," said the heavy father, "do you understand the style in which my daughter has been accustomed to live? She has always had every luxury she wanted." "And now I'm the luxury she wants," murmured the suitor.—London Globe.

Time's Changes.

"Before we were married you said you'd lay down your life for me," she sobbed.

"I know it," he returned solemnly. "How I was confounded that is so tiny the is no place to lay anything down."—Tit-Bits.

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Cures Woman's Weaknesses.

We refer to that boon to weak, nervous, suffering women known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Dr. John Fyfe one of the Editorial Staff of THE ECLECTIC MEDICAL REVIEW says of Unicorn root (*Helonias Dioica*) which is one of the chief ingredients of the "Favorite Prescription":

"A remedy which invariably acts as a uterine invigorator * * * makes for normal activity of the entire reproductive system." He continues "In Helonias we have a medicament which more fully answers the above purposes than any other drug with which I am acquainted. In the treatment of diseases peculiar to women it is seldom that a case is seen which does not present some indication for this remedial agent." Dr. Fyfe further says: "The following are among the leading indications for Helonias (Unicorn root). Pain or aching in the back, with leucorrhœa; atonic (weak) conditions of the reproductive organs of women, with depression and irritability, associated with chronic diseases of the reproductive organs of women; constant sensation of heat in the region of the kidneys; menorrhagia (flooding), due to a weakened condition of the reproductive system; amenorrhœa, or suppressed or absent monthly periods; chlorosis (green sickness) accompanying abnormal conditions of the digestive organs and anæmic (thin blood) habit; dragging sensations in the extreme lower part of the abdomen."

If more or less of the above symptoms are present, no invalid woman can do better than take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, one of the leading ingredients of which is Unicorn root, or Helonias, and the medical properties of which it most faithfully represents.

Of Golden Seal root, another prominent ingredient of "Favorite Prescription," Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Medical College, Chicago, says:

"It is an important remedy in disorders of the womb. In all catarrhal conditions * * * and general *entoebilement, it is useful.*"

Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati, says of Golden Seal root:

"In relation to its general effects on the system, *there is no medicine in use about which there is such general unanimity of opinion.* It is *universally* regarded as the tonic useful in all debilitated states."

Prof. R. Bartholow, M. D., of Jefferson Medical College, says of Golden Seal:

"Valuable in uterine hemorrhage, menorrhagia (flooding) and congestive dysmenorrhœa (painful menstruation)."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription faithfully represents all the above named ingredients and cures the diseases for which they are recommended.

THE BIG STORE.

I have secured the agency for the

FULLER ELECTRIC GAS LIGHT,

the best Gas Light sold, equal to six of any other kind and burns only half as much gas. One fifty complete, call and see them. Also have a full line of Mantles, Globes and Burners for all others.

NEW STOCK OF GAS RANGES AND HEATERS.

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 28, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—William K. Urquhart, formerly of Bradford, died at his home in Cleveland Ohio, on Sunday last.

—A dog poisoner is at work in Mt. Jewett and several dogs have been killed by this despicable creature.

—Work on the new macadam road from Condersport to the Roulette township line, in Potter county will begin at once.

—The Psalm of Life as it appears in the advertising space of The A. B. Armstrong Drug Store, will be interesting to all our readers who are poetically inclined.

—N. P. L. policies that mature this year will be paid on the basis of $113 36 for a full certificate, which used to amount to $250, and costs the holder $132. This is 36 cents more than was paid last year and shows that the order is getting on a more solid basis.

—Lewis P. Wood, aged 71 years, of Raymilton, Venango county, met death in a peculiar manner one day last week. He was hunting woodchuck and when found his legs were pinioned under a runner in such a way that his neck rested over a limb in a manner that choked him to death.

—There is every indication that the Bradford "Old Home Week" celebration to be held in that city next August will be the greatest event in the history of the county. The people of Bradford are boosting the proposition as only Bradford people can and that always spells success.

—Norman [illegible] Bradford met with a painful [illegible] last Friday. While [illegible] car on East Main [illegible] he slipped and fell upon [illegible] which resulted in a [illegible] Mr Main has many [illegible] to wish for his speedy [illegible]

—Jos. Child [illegible] 87 [illegible] Mrs. Otis's [illegible] noon at 3 o'clock [illegible] to old age. [illegible] Hu[illegible] dent of Bing[illegible] is survived by [illegible] Chatfield of [illegible] two sisters living [illegible] Conn. Deceased [illegible] in the immediate [illegible] —Bradford Era.

—John H. Cameron of Hornell, a prominent politician and business man dropped dead on the street in that place on Saturday last.

—Cameron county has only had two murders in 48 years. However they have a powder mill over there that serves to keep the population down.

—Nicholas Wise, aged 76 years, died at the Bradford hospital Saturday afternoon after a brief illness of pneumonia. He was a well-known and highly respected Bradford business man. He is survived by a wife, six sons and three daughters.

—While trying to evade arrest by the sheriff, who was making a raid on a barn in Perrysville, near Butler, Pa., where a cocking main was in progress, John Clayton of Red Bank, was shot and instantly killed by Deputy Sheriff Motter of Clarion county, last Saturday morning.

—Fielder Jones, the famous Potter county ball player, has again signed a contract to manage the White Sox of Chicago and play center field. For his services he will receive $15,000 per year, which is just double his salary of last year. This is probably the highest salary paid any baseball player in the world.

—Announcement was made some time ago that Axel Johnson, murder of Charles Samuelson of Chandlers Valley, and who was subsequently pronounced insane and ordered deported to the island of his nativity, had been killed at sea. It now transpires that this report is false. Johnson was safely transferred to the custody of the poor house authorities at Gotenburg, Sweden.

—Through the Herrick Agency last week the A. J. Davie farm of 80 acres located in Mead Hollow, town of Bolivar, was sold to Roy Baldwin of Honeoye, Pa., for $900. Walter S. Brown of Hood River, Oregon, on Friday sold a wild lot of 100 acres on Lot 59, town of Genesee, to F. E. Searles of Portville. The Ira H. Smith farm of 135 acres in West Almond, N. Y., was sold to J. O. Porter of Troupsburg, N. Y., who will take possession, April 1.

—A great many people have kidney and bladder trouble, mainly due to neglect of occasional pains in the back, slight rheumatic pains, urinary disorders, etc. Don't in such cases is dangerous. Take DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Two sizes for week back, backache rheumatic pains and all kidney and bladder trouble. Soothing and antiseptic, and act promptly. Don't fail to get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Accept no substitute. Regular size 50c. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport; F. H. Reed, Clermont.

QUEER DEFINITIONS.

An Early Eighteenth Century Interpreter of Hard Words.

Bailey's Universal Etymological Dictionary, with the subtitle, "An Interpreter of Hard Words," was first published in London in 1721. Most of its definitions are eccentric, and some of them incredibly so. Here are specimens plucked at random:

Man—A creature endowed with reason.

Thunder—A noise known by persons not deaf.

Lightning—A meteor.

A Rainbow—A meteor of divers colors.

Weapon Salve—A sort of ointment which is said to cure a wound by being applied to the sword or other weapon that made the wound.

Balloon—A football; also a great ball with which noblemen and princes use to play.

Cow—A beast well known.

Milk—A food well known.

Peacock—A fine bird.

Elephant—The biggest, strongest and most intelligent of all four footed beasts.

Medlar—A fruit which is grateful to the stomach, but is not ripe till it be rotten.

Snow—A meteor well known in northerly and southerly climates, especially beyond the tropics.

Mouth—Part of the body of a living creature.

Eye—An instrument of death.

HELPED THE BOYS.

A Letter That Aroused King Christian of Denmark.

King Christian of Denmark once found in his morning mail a letter which moved him more than did most matters of state. The letter was in a boyish scrawl and read as follows:

Dear King—We are four boys at Flakkebjerh school, and the master whips us daily with a piece of steel rope he found in the harbor. If he doesn't stop there will be a fire.

The name of the teacher being given, the king ordered him to report at once to the minister of justice, while he took the next train for Flakkebjerh and examined the class in the teacher's absence. The children, unawed by the presence of the cruel teacher, told their grievances to the kindly old king, who promised immediate relief, closed the school for the day and ordered that the boys be treated to chocolate and cakes at his expense "to remember him by."

But he did more than that. On returning to Copenhagen he dismissed the cruel teacher without pension, at the same time giving a general warning to all teachers to be chary of corporal punishment. "If boys cannot be trained without cruel beatings," this wise king said, "then there must be something the matter with those who train them. The coming generation must not be made ruffians by ruffianly teachers."

Isle of Wight.

The Isle of Wight inhabitants are not alone in speaking of "going to England" when they leave their own fragment of the kingdom. A patriotic Cornishman also "goes to England" when he crosses the Tamar. Similarly inhabitants of the Balkan peninsula talk of "going to Europe" when they leave their own corner of the continent—in curious contrast with the people of our own island. We regard ourselves as both of and in "Europe," and accordingly it is only "the continent" that we visit. The record in the splendid isolation line is probably held by that minister of the Cumbraes, in the Clyde, who prayed for a blessing upon "the inhabitants of Great and Little Cumbrae and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland."—London Graphic.

The Tower of Famine.

The Torre della Fame, or Tower of Famine, was noted for its gruesome history. It once stood in Pisa, Italy, but there are now no traces of it. Count Ugolino della Gherardesca, whom Dante immortalized, was the head of the Guelphs, and because of his tyranny and accredited attempts to place his country in bondage he was antagonized and finally conquered by the chief of the Ghibellines, who imprisoned him, with his two sons and two grandsons, in this tower, the slow method of starvation being employed as the manner of their death. The door of the tower was locked and the keys thrown into the Arno.

The Holy City.

Medina, the holy city, triumphed long ago over all the rivals in various parts of the world which bore the same name, which means simply "city." Notable among them were the old capital of Malta and Medina Sidonia in Spain. The Arabian city was originally known as Yathrib, but owes its later name, El-Medina (the city) or Medinat Rasul Allah (the city of the apostle of God), to the Koran. To a good Mohammedan there is only one city "with a big C."

Inside and Outside.

The following report was sent by a subordinate inspector to his chief in the telephone service. It concerned a faulty house connection:

"Found wire with no outside outside. Put inside wire outside and outside inside. Need more outside for inside."

Learning.

Wear your learning like a watch, in a private pocket, and do not pull it out and display it merely to show that you have one. If you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it, but do not proclaim it hourly or unasked, like the watchman.

The wrongdoer is never without a pretext.—Italian Proverb.

MIL THAMM,

MANUFACTURER OF

Fine Cigars.

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POWDER ON PEANUTS

Used to Make the Goobers Look Clean and Pretty.

LONG AND CAREFUL TOILET.

Besides Being Powdered, the Nuts Are Brushed and Polished and Sized Before They Are Roasted—Cooked at the Mill by Experts.

There is not much to a peanut, to look at it. It grows on a farm and is ready to eat after it has been roasted. A careless deduction would link up the farmer, the commission merchant, then the grocer or Michelangelo. That would be a mighty careless deduction, though. The first time a lot of unroasted peanuts are encountered rub one on a piece of dark cloth and observe the white mark it leaves. That is talcum powder. They powder peanuts to make them look pretty, which is just why sister powders her face, and in that particular peanuts and girls are both alike.

Any farmer can grow peanuts, but no farmer can sell them to the consumer. The peanut he grows is not fit to put on a stand, at least not until it has been touched up. Look at the peanuts on the next push cart and see how even they run as to size. They have all been sorted. Observe how clean they are and how white this lot is, how gray that lot is and how uniform all the different lots are. They have been sorted.

When the peanut is grown it is gathered and carried to a miller, who puts it in a great bin and later carries it over to his mill, where he has a contrivance just chock full of brushes. These brushes get almost every speck of sand and dirt out of the peanuts, which is more than the farmer could have done if he had spent the summer trying. Then the brushed peanuts go on to another sort of mill, and by being tossed about they get their hulls polished, and while that is being done they are peppered with talcum powder, so that by the time they come out of this machine they are as white as they are to appear in public.

But the peanut is not ready for market yet. It is alongside a lot of larger or smaller ones, hurting the appearances of the larger ones, while it does not enhance the value of the smaller ones. To even up matters the output of the talcum powder polishing machine is run out on to a great canvas belt, which travels for fifty feet or more slowly. On either side of this belt are boys and girls. These sort the peanuts as they pass; this squad picking out the biggest, that squad taking the next largest, and so on down till the smallest are left. Shells that have dodged the powder rag are thrown back into the mill, and broken hulls are thrown away.

That is about all for the peanut now, excepting the roasting. It has to be roasted. There is a popular superstition that the Italian vender roasts the peanuts in his little push cart. All he does is keep them hot. They are roasted at the mill, tons at a time, cooked to a nicety by experienced men, who have thermometers and all sorts of appliances to show them when a peanut is "done." This roasted product is the one that the Italian buys, and when he gets it he pops it into his little fake roaster and warms it over. It takes a long time and a lot of work and hosts of boys and girls to get the nickel's worth of hot roasted peanuts in the red and blue striped bag, but there is a reason for it all, and the reason is that a sack of even run small sized peanuts will find a larger quicker than a sack of big and little ones all mixed up together. The stomach likes the eye to make a good report and the peanut commission merchant understands that a shining shell, with indentations filled with talcum, pleases the eyes, and he has no compunctions about the powder box, because he has found out that in roasting the heat drives off the surplus talcum, so that is why if one wants to find out for true about this trick of the trade it will be necessary to get hold of an unroasted and not a roasted peanut.

By way of good measure it might be added that the shelled peanuts, generally sold salted, have been run through a thrashing machine, which breaks the hull and blows it out of the way. Only "Spanish shell" nuts can be so treated. The tougher hulls have to go to Signor Italiano.—Kansas City Journal.

The Long Lived Pear.

The pear is really more hardy than the apple and needs less cosseting. There are trees still standing near Monroe, in the state of Michigan, which were planted by the French settlers before Penn founded Philadelphia. Pear trees can be kept in good bearing condition for 300 years and apples for at least 150 years. I have an apple tree 115 years old and its annual fruitage is as perfect as it was sixty years ago.—E. P. Powell in Outing Magazine.

The Comparison.

Towne—Yes, my wife is able to dress on comparatively little money, Browne. Browne—Oh, come now! Comparatively little? Towne—I mean a little compared with what she thinks she ought to have.—Exchange.

On a Big Liner.

"Let's go forward to the main deck."

"All right, Steward, call us a taxicab."—Washington Herald.

Nothing is farther from earth than heaven; nothing is nearer than heaven to earth.—Hare.

Extravagant.

Stranger (in Drearyhurst)—Is there a place here where I can get a square meal? Uncle Welby Goeh—Yes, sir. There's a restur'nt round the cawner where you can git the best meal this side o' Chicago if you don't mind its bein' a leetle expensive. They'll sock you for 35 cents, but, by gum, it's with it!—Chicago Tribune.

A LIVE COAL TRICK.

Teaches Natural Law, Yet Has All the Appearance of Magic.

No one would suppose that it is possible to hold a glowing coal on a piece of linen or cotton without burning the cloth, but that such can be done is easy for any one to prove, and at the same time the experiment teaches an important natural law. Every child knows that the telephone and telegraph wires are made of copper because that metal is a good conductor of heat and electricity, which is only another form of heat. If a poker is heated in the fire you pick up a cloth to hold the outer end, although it has not been in the fire, because experience has taught you that the heat is connected through the metal from the fire to the outer end.

This experiment with the flaming coal is based upon this principle and the additional one that linen and cotton are poor conductors of heat. Take a globe of copper and draw a piece of cloth tightly over it so that there is not a wrinkle at the top. If the linen or cotton is closely woven the trick is all the more certain. Then, holding the cloth tightly in place, you can safely put a glowing coal on top of the cloth, and, while it burns fiercely, the cloth will not even be scorched.

The reason is that the great conductivity of the copper draws the heat of the coal before it can burn the cloth. Do not make this experiment with a good handkerchief first, for, if the cloth is not tightly drawn it may burn, but take some worthless piece of linen or muslin, and after you are certain of your experience you can astonish your friends who do not know the secret.—Washington Post.

DEADLY POISONS.

One Whiff of Pure Prussic Acid Is Sufficient to Kill.

The discoverer of prussic acid was instantly killed by inhaling one whiff of his own handiwork.

Pure prussic acid is never sold or handled. The smell of it is always fatal. It kills not in three minutes or half an hour, but the instant it enters the lungs as a gas. The mixture ordinarily sold as prussic acid is 08 parts water to two parts of the drug. Even in this form it is very deadly. A 20 per cent mixture of the acid would kill nearly as quickly as if pure.

Atropine, though it has no harmful odor, is so deadly that as much of it as would adhere to the end of a moistened forefinger would instantly cause death.

Cyanide of potassium has a pleasant smell which is not injurious, but a small quantity swallowed kills at once.

Pure ammonia if inhaled would cause death almost as quickly as prussic acid.

When a carboy of nitric acid is broken some one has to suffer. It will burn wood, eat through iron plates and destroy whatever it touches. Such an accident once happened in an acid factory. Every one ran away, leaving the acid to amuse itself by setting fire to things. Soon it was seen that the building would be destroyed and numerous of people thrown out of work, and four men volunteered to put out the fire in the acid room. They succeeded and came out all right. Five hours later all were dead.

His Gallantry.

"See that man who just gave his seat to a young woman?" queried an elevated railroad passenger. "Queer case, that. Never encountered one before just like it."

"He's not a New Yorker, he is not a ready-maker of friends and he is so diffident where women are concerned that he really has not one among his acquaintances, with the possible exception of a landlady and a laundress.

"Yet the fellow has a longing for feminine recognition. I happen to know that he always relinquishes his seat to a woman where the opportunity is presented, and I also know that his only reason for doing so is the hope of receiving a smile and a 'Thank you' in return. It's like a bone to a hungry dog. Queer case, don't you think?"—New York Globe.

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DUNNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Fine Chrismas FRUIT

NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

JUST A WORD

WE HAVE

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT [illegible] methport, Pa

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per Annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday Jan. 28, 1909.

THE borough ticket named last Saturday is a good one.

AN explosion in the Clarinda mine at Boswell, Pa., on Monday entombed 14 miners. All have been recovered, six of whom are living.

THREE people were killed and 25 badly injured and many others slightly hurt in a Pennsylvania Railroad rear-end collision near Johnstown early Saturday morning.

NOW that the Democrat admits that our little controversies may be driving him insane we will, out of consideration for all concerned, drop the debate for the present at least.

IN this session of the legislature, our assemblymen will not on committees as follows: Mr. McKean is a member on Bureau of Statistics and Counties and Township; Mr. Hilton is a member of the committees on Agriculture, Railroads, Pensions and Gratuities.

IN the Western penitentiary at Allegheny on Monday morning, John Bullock, who was considered a mild-mannered idiot, suddenly became a demon and stabbed another prisoner and Guard Walter Beall, who was compelled to shoot the crazed man to death. Bullock's victims will recover.

OLIVER N. SMITH, chief clerk of the State Department of Mines, died at the Harrisburg hospital on Saturday of bronchial pneumonia, which followed an operation for appendicitis ten days previous. He was 49 years of age and was well known in this section of the State. His remains were taken to his home at Mansfield, Tioga county, for burial.

PRINCETON, N. J., had a $75,000 fire last Saturday morning and a press dispatch says that nearly a thousand students and professors of the university fought the flames by forming bucket brigades and their efforts undoubtedly saved the city from destruction. Several of the students had narrow escapes. This goes to show that college boys will sometimes do something in a town besides make trouble for the police.

THE Local Optionists have been assured that they will receive fair treatment by the powers that be in the legislature and they will present a bill at this session. The Anti-Saloon league has not decided in what form the bill will be presented, two bills being under consideration. One makes counties the unit and the other is similar to the Craven bill, defeated at last session, and makes smaller divisions. The county unit bill appears to be the most satisfactory at the present time.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to secure a workhouse for the Northwestern Pennsylvania counties through legislation at the present session of the legislature. The proposed counties are Erie, Crawford, Warren, Mercer, Venango and McKean. All the prisoners from these counties are now sent to the Allegheny county workhouse, which is said to be over-crowded most of the time. This looks like a very good idea and we hope they will be successful in getting the proper law passed at this session.

IN New York, last week a young wife had her marriage annulled because her husband was a consumptive. It seemed a harsh and cruel proceeding on the wife's part, but it was for the advantage of all concerned. Any young man or woman afflicted with tuberculosis or other disease which may be inherited or which may be infectious, should never enter into the marriage state. And some day when the public mind is more generally enlightened on such matters there will be drastic laws and regulations for the prevention of such marriages.—Bradford Era.

TUESDAY Representative McKean introduced bills providing for the erection of a statue of Governor McKean, to be located at or near Bradford, at a cost of $10,000; appropriating $8,500 for the Beacon Light Misson; appropriating $66,500 for the Bradford hospital, and $30,000 for the Kane Summit hospital. Yesterday Mr. McKean introduced a bill appropriating $75,000 for two years for carrying out the provisions of the act of June 23, 1907, relating to the payments by the Commonwealth for the purpose of encouraging agriculture and the holding of agricultural exhibitions.

MORE than 1,600 men and women who had looked death in the face out at sea for endless hours were safely landed in New York Monday afternoon when the White Star liner Baltic was docked. She was the rescue ship of the passengers of the Mediterranean pleasure liner Republic and the Italian Lloyd immigrant steamship Florida, which came together in a dense fog off Nantucket last Saturday morning. Although not a soul on either steamer was drowned, six lives was the toll claimed by this sea fog tragedy. Two were tourist passengers on the Republic and four were Italians who banked in the bow of the Florida. The saving of all these lives is due entirely to the wireless signal service which gave notice to other ships of their distress and made it possible for aid to reach them in time.

TWO murders have been committed in Cameron county in the past 48 years and in both cases the perpetrators of the crime have been condemned to death. In McKean county there has been about 48 times that many and yet there has only been three convictions of murder in the first degree. If there had been more convictions in this county we are of the opinion that there would have been less murders. There was a time when a foreigner of the Latin race could commit a murder in this county with little or no danger of even being placed under arrest and then killings were extremely numerous among this class, but since the Coryville Black Hand tragedy and the summary justice meted out to the perpetrators these killings have decreased very rapidly. A life for a life sometimes saves lives.

Telephone Manners.

If telephone users would cast the idea of a machine out of their minds, and use the same courteous and common-sense practices in talking by telephone as they observe when talking to a fellow-being face to face, they would appreciably raise the standard of the telephone service.—National Telephone Journal.

Beezlumbots Bad as Dialect.

Southern people have much to bear. The articles in the magazines, for example, in which northern contributors try to put out negro dialect! It is enough to give one the beezlumbots.—Galveston News.

For health and happiness—DeWitt's Little Early Risers—small, gentle, easy, pleasant little liver pills, the best made. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport; F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Orphans' Court Sale.

Estate of Elizabeth Angeline Smith.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Smethport, McKean Co., Pa., on Monday, the 22nd day of February, A. D. 1909, at 11 o'clock a. m., the following pieces of land:

All those pieces or parcels of land situate in the Township of Keating, County of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded as follows, viz: First piece:—Beginning at a post in the center of the road and in the south line of land of Adam Brockham, Lot No. 137; thence east by south line of No. 137 thirty and 8-10 perches to a post corner; thence south, 17 perches to a post corner in the center of the road; thence by the center of the road north 63 degrees west 35 perches to the place of beginning, be the same more or less.

Second piece:—Commencing at a post corner in the center of the highway leading from Farmers Valley to East Valley; thence south 30 & ½ degrees west 15 & ½ rods to a post corner in the line between Chas. E. Hatch and Mrs. Hortense S. Darby; thence west along said line 6 rods and 9 feet to a post corner; thence north 29 & ½ degrees east 20 rods and 4 feet to a post corner in the center of the highway; thence east 57 degrees south along said highway to the place of beginning, being part of Lot No. 137 of the Keating allotment of lands in said township.

The first piece having erected thereon a two-story frame house and a small barn, and each lot being improved.

Terms of sale:—Cash on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

CHARLES E. BEEBE, Administrator.
JOHN N. APPLE, Attorney.
January 27, 1909.

Good Paying Country Store For Sale Right.

We offer for sale the only store at West Almond, N. Y., 7 miles from Angelica, N. Y. 8 miles from Almond, four miles from railroad station, on two rural routes and two telephone lines. Real estate consists of 6 acres rich, level land, good wire fences, orchard of 140 trees grafted fruit. 12-room house attached to store, which is 22x34, two stories high. Barn 30x40, nearly new, 3 hen houses, 12x16; new hog house and granary. Driven well of fine water at house; creek in corner of lot. Buildings are all painted and in fine repair. Price for real estate excluding store fixtures, $1,950. Terms $300 cash, easy payments on balance. Stock consists of general merchandise, mainly groceries. Sales without any delivery wagon average $6,000 a year. West Almond has about 100 population, has cheese factory school two churches and blacksmith shop, and is the trading center of a good farming country. No other store within 7 miles. Sales could easily be doubled. If you are looking for a good paying country store in a good farming community, this will surely please you. Write or telephone.

HERRICK AGENCY
Bolivar, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

Notice.

In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, of February Term, 1909, No. 80.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the said court, on the 22 day of February, 1909, at 3 o'clock p. m., under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled: "An Act to Provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of Certain Corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the approval of a certain amendment to the charter of the Bradford Business Men's Association, as set forth in the petition for the allowance of said amendment, filed in said court.

W. E. BURDICK, Solicitor.

Dated Jan. 26, 1909.

Sale opens February 4th, 9 a. m.

The Emory Mill Remnant Sale.

for the fourteenth time opens Thursday morning, February 4th, at 9 a. m. Almost every woman within a hundred miles of Olean knows what this sale is, and pays us the compliment of waiting for this important semi-annual event.

This sale has grown by leaps and bounds; it has turned February and August, the two dullest months of the year, into our two biggest months, December excepted. It has genuine merit to produce such results.

The green bills are now ready for distribution. If you, or any of your friends are interested, we will gladly mail you one on request.

Keep in mind the dates. Sale opens Thursday, February 4th, and closes Wednesday, February 17th; two full weeks, twelve full shopping days of genuine bargains. We have every reason to expect twelve days of the biggest business in the history of the store.

Tell your friends and bring them with you to this important event.

BRADNER'S,
OLEAN, - - N. Y.
—Successors to—
Adams & Bradner, and Geo. B. Adams & Co.

Sale closes Wednesday, February 17th, at 6 p. m.

THE LYCEUM

TWO NIGHTS ONLY
Friday and Saturday,
January 29 and 30

Return engagement of the Favorite
HOWELL-KEITH STOCK CO.
—IN—
NEW PLAYS.

Friday Evening
"LENA RIVERS"

Same Prices, 10 and 20c.

THURSDAY, FEB. 4th
Second Annual Tour
Harry Scott Co.
—present that—
Furiously Funny Musical Stew
Merrily Served in 3 Courses
"Ma's New Husband."

Book by David Edwin.
Music & Lyrics by Geo. Fletcher

18 New, Clean, Catchy Musical Features 18

A GREAT SHOW—is the unanimous verdict conceded by press critics and theatre-going public.

PRICES: 75, 50, 35, 25c

FRESH FRUITS NUTS AND CANDIES

Canned Goods of the best quality

J. Colegrove, Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. - Smethport

LOW PRICES
—are still prevailing at—
RUBIN'S SHOE STORE.

The balance of our Suit and Overcoat stock are going at lower prices than ever.

We Like Lookers

H. W. RUBIN
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Where There Are PURE DRUGS

there is hope, and while we are in business there always will be pure drugs in this town.

The standard of our goods is high. We know that health and life depend on the absolute purity of the drugs used in compounding prescriptions and therefore the utmost care is taken that they shall be perfect.

Satisfied ourselves that the qualities are right, we make prices to satisfy our customers.

We may not be the cheapest druggists but we are the best and lowest priced.

McCoy's Drug Store

When you buy canned goods you want the best.
Our "Springville Brand" is unsurpassed.
One trial will convince you
ANDORFER & LYLE'S

REMOVAL SALE.
GREAT BARGAINS
—IN—
MILLINERY, CLOAKS, FURS, and WOOL GOODS sold at Cost.

Big reductions on all other goods. This is your opportunity to save money.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.
Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of
WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS
PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.
Main St W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,	$293,000.00
Resources about	$900,000.00

This Bank
Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.
HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.
HENRY HAMLIN, ORLO J. HAMLIN, RALPH E. BURDICK, FRED D GALLUP, JOHN FORREST, JAMES A. McKEAN, C. D. COMES, CHARLES McKEAN, H. H. BEDFIELD

Election Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given to all taxpayers of the Township of Sergeant, McKean County, Pa., that in pursuance of an Order of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the County of McKean, made Jan'y 12th, 1909, at No. 2, February Sessions, 1909, authorizing the same, an election will be held in said Township of Sergeant at the February Municipal Election, on the 16th day of Feb'y, 1909, for and against abolishing the system of working out the road tax, or a portion thereof, assessed on the properties in said Township, so that the same shall thereafter be paid in cash, as provided by Act of Assembly approved April 12th, 1905, P. L. 142.

J. L. SMITH,
L. T. LARSON,
J. T. [illegible]

BURDICK SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

The Psalm of Life.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream,
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem"

Things are just what they seem at the

A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE.

All drugs and medicines absolutely pure and fresh.

BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe [illegible]

DALY & GARLICK

The Jewel Sad-Iron Heater,

a very desirable article for use on gas ranges for heating sad irons or to protect utensils from direct contact with gas flames.

The Detroit Jewel Griddle will give you perfect satisfaction. We also have Waffle Irons for either gas or wood stoves.

Daly & Garlick.

HAMILTON BLOCK

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 28, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Next Tuesday, Feb. 2, is groundhog day.

—Thus far the signs of a March winter have failed.

—Sunday reminded one of a showery day in May.

—An excellent borough ticket was nominated Saturday.

—Fry & Comes have a change of advertisement that will interest the men.

—The Coudersport Window Glass factory will commence operations on Feb. 15.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus entertained a few friends at cards last evening.

—Do not delay paying your subscription until your name is stricken off the list.

—Eggs are getting cheaper. Yesterday they were offered for 25 cents a dozen.

—Bradner's of Olean advertise a big sale in this issue which should interest everybody.

—Mrs. V. B. Bouton entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Tuesday evening.

—Don't forget that the Howell-Keith Stock Co. will be here Friday and Saturday evenings.

—Miss Maude Heath entertained a number of friends at her home on Main street last Friday evening.

—A son was recently born to Editor and Mrs. Charles Herrick of Shinglehouse. Congratulations brother.

—Everybody should attend the Howell-Keith Stock Co. attractions at the Lyceum Friday and Saturday nights.

—Friday and Saturday are the last days of the Lindholm Co.'s big clearance sale. See advertisement on this page.

—After February first the B., R. & P. Ry. will charge two and one-half cents per mile for passengers on their trains.

—The best cutlery could not produce a cleaner cut, than Monheimer made in the price of his overcoats. See his ad. on this page.

—Don't fail to notice the advertisement of the Lindholm Co. calling attention to the last two days of its January clearance sale.

—Port Allegany has adopted the right plan of dealing with professional hobos. They are put to work shoveling snow or cleaning crosswalks.

—Mrs. C. B. Corwin entertained a few friends last Thursday evening at her home on Mechanic street in honor of Mrs. Urban of Bradford.

—The Smethport Cut Glass factory is coming to the front rapidly. A good sized crew is now working and new orders are coming in regularly.

—The members of the Protected Home Circle will have a card party next Tuesday evening in the I. O. O. F. Hall. Each member can bring one guest.

—The international bowling contest will be held in Pittsburg this year from Feb. 27, to March 12. It will be the greatest event of its kind ever held.

—The Pearl Clay Products Co. at Kushequa will increase the capacity of its plant in the near future. Its present capacity is 6,000,000 bricks per year.

—"Playing the Ponies" is to be the attraction at the Bradford opera house this (Thursday) evening. It is said to be one of the great successes of the year.

—Chas. Barnes P. R. R. switchman had his left arm so badly crushed in the Kane yards last Wednesday morning that it had to be amputated at the elbow.

—At St. Luke's Church on Sunday next the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Sermon by the Rector on St. Matt. 8:31. Service at East Smethport at 2:30.

—Neighbor Lindsley mildly reprimands us for dating the primarica a week ahead of time and in another column announces the wrong hours for them. Guess that's a horse a piece.

—George H. Denning now has his new meat cooler, blocks and counter in perfect order which makes his meat market one of the neatest and prettiest meat markets in this section of the state.

—Mrs. John Brooke of this place, who went to a hospital in Buffalo last week for treatment, underwent an operation on Saturday and is reported to be getting along nicely considering the circumstances.

—The attraction at the Smethport Lyceum Friday and Saturday nights will be the Howell-Keith Stock Co. that made themselves popular during a recent visit to this place. You cannot afford to miss it because it is good.

—Again Julius Hornlein of this borough wins a sweepstakes cup at the Bradford poultry show, for having the best pen of poultry in the American class. Mr. Hornlein has every reason to feel proud of taking this trophy two years in succession.

—W. D. McLaren, publisher of the Warren Mirror, died on Saturday last at his home in Warren, after long illness. He was a man of most excellent character and was held in high esteem in his home town and throughout this section of the State.

—In "Ma's New Husband" which comes to the Lyceum on Thursday Feb. 4, playgoers and music lovers have in store a rare feast of comedy and song. The book is by David Edwin, who has several farce successes to his credit; the music and lyrics are by the well known song writer, George Fletcher. This mirthful musical farce offers light entertainment of a breezy and refined character, and it has been filling theatres to the overflow for the past two seasons in the principal cities in the United States and Canada.

—On Monday evening the I. O. R. M. celebrated the eighth anniversary of the lodge of this place and two candidates were initiated in the 3rd degree. About 15 members of the Crosby lodge were present and a good time was had by all who attended.

—A. D. Sloan of Bradford has been appointed to the position of assistant doorkeeper of the State Senate in the State Capitol, through the efforts of Senator Frank E. Baldwin. Mr. Sloan has the congratulations of the MINER and a host of friends.

—Dr. Cornelius H Bartlett, aged 83 years, one of Olean's most prominent physicians and citizens, died Friday at his home on North First street. He had practiced medicine in Olean for 32 years and is survived by a widow, two daughters and one son, Dr. Frank Bartlett of Olean.

—A meeting of the Swedish-American club was held last Thursday Jan 21 in Oscar Engstrom's store for the transaction of business and election of officers. The following officers were elected: President, Peter Miller; secretary, J. A. Swanson, and treasurer, John A. Karlon.

—The Potter Democrat tells an awful story of the beatings of a little 7 year old girl named Irene Marvin received at the hands of Mrs. Artie Drake of Honeoye, with whom the child lived. The story given before a justice is a pitiful one and if true, this fiendish woman should pay the full penalty of the law.

—The Spring Term of the Smethport borough schools will begin on Thursday Feb. 4, 1909. At that time children whose sixth birthday occurs before July 1, 1909, will be admitted to the first grade. They will be under Miss Gifford's instruction. It is of importance to the progress of the pupils that they begin work on the first day of the new term. Pupils should be vaccinated before entrance so as to avoid any inconvenience. It will be doing the authorities a favor if those who have children to send, will notify the principal to that effect.

—"The Fascinating Widow," with Otis D. Thayer in the leading role, was the attraction at the Lyceum Tuesday evening and all who attended got full value for their money. This is a comedy pure and simple and there is a laugh in every line of the piece. Every member of the cast is well qualified for his or her part and a more thoroughly pleased audience has not been seen this winter. Mr. Thayer's droll comedy and his vocal numbers made a big hit with the audience. The musical numbers and dances given by other members of the company were also well received.

—A dramatist has appropriated Bryant E. Sherman, author of "The Bell Cow" in regard to dramatizing his story which is meeting with such unusual success. Mr. Sherman has notified his publishers, C. M. Clark and Company, of Boston, who dramatized "Quincy Adams Sawyer" and "Blennerhasatt." The firm has in mind the same idea and Mr. Sherman is in Boston to consult with them in regard to the matter. The book is having a great sale in Buffalo and other cities which bespeaks considerable for it. Mrs. Bess Goe Willis has made another clever poster in water colors for the author. It shows a picture of "Uncle Eb," the story teller. In the distance can be seen the bell cow, as in the other posters.—Star.

Love Atonement for All.

It has been said that a man may starve his wife, may even beat her, yet keep her love if between blows he assures her of his love and heals the bruises with kisses. Certain it is that the woman who loves a man can always find excuse for and condone any offense of which he may be guilty so long as she believes in his love for herself.—Exchange.

Skat a Comparatively New Game.

Skat, which has become the rival of bridge, and has displaced it in some circles, is a purely German game, and Altenburg is its home. The earliest records on the subject show that it was evolved out of other card games in 1817 by one Hempel, who was a professor at the Altenburg college.

Always have Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup handy, especially for the children. It tastes nearly as good as maple sugar. It cures the cold by gently moving the bowels through its laxative principle, and at the same time it is soothing for throat irritation, thereby stopping the cough. There is nothing as good. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport; F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Personal Mention.

L. H. Dickinson was a Bradford visitor last Friday.

Mrs. J. H. Gram of Olean is visiting friends in town.

Geo. Griffith of Kane was in town Tuesday on business.

H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett had business in town Monday.

Miss Margaret Koenig spent Sunday with Eldred relatives.

Bob Wilson of Colegrove was a visitor in town Monday evening.

Mrs. L. D. Gifford was a Bradford visitor Friday and Saturday.

Miss May Choate has returned from a visit with Mt. Jewett relatives.

Orlo J. Hamlin left Saturday for a business visit to New York city.

Mrs. A. R. Braden is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham.

Mrs. E. L. Perry of Kasson was calling on relatives in town Monday.

Geo. G. Hamilton of Ceres township was a pleasant caller at this office on Monday.

Mrs. M. Chatfield of Farmers Valley was a pleasant caller at this office on Saturday.

Miss Maude Irons has returned from Erie where she had been nursing Mrs. E. R. Baker.

Mrs. E. F. Hunter and daughter Ruth and Mrs. P. VanSickle were Olean visitors Saturday.

Mrs. Fred W. Backus and Miss Alma Schutt of Olean were visitors in town over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Jahn of Eldred are the guests of the latter's sister, Mrs. J. C. Backus.

Mr. and Mrs. Jere McCarthy, who have been visiting in Mt. Jewett returned home on Monday.

Miss Carrie Billingsfelt departed Friday for Manhatten, where she will visit her sister for a few weeks.

Mrs. Luther Johnson and mother, Mrs. Brown of Kane were guests of friends in town this week.

Mrs. Eugene Mullin, who has been the guest of friends in this place returned to her home in Bradford on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Urban, who had been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Corwin, returned to their home in Bradford Tuesday evening.

Great Music Offer.

Send us the names of three or more performers on the piano or organ and twenty-five cents in silver or postage and we will mail you postpaid our latest Popular Music Roll containing 20 pages full sheet music consisting of popular songs, marches and Waltzes arranged for the piano or organ including Rud. Kramer's "Flight of the Butterflies," "March Manila" and the latest popular song, "The Girl I've Seen."

POPULAR MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.
Indianapolis, Ind.

For Sale.

Some household furniture, cheap. No place to store it. Call at
DR. PIERCE'S Office.

LOST—A gold cuff button marked "W." Finder please leave at this office.

WM. MONHEIMER.

THIS and NEXT WEEK

1-2 price

for any

Overcoat

in the house. 'Tis an exceptional opportunity to secure an overcoat—cut and tailored in the latest style—at a saving of from $3.50 to $10.00.

$7 50, 10.00, 15.00 and 20.00 OVERCOATS GO FOR $3.50, 5.00, 7.50 and 10.00.

Boys' Overcoats go at ½ price too. The SAME style of overcoats, as we now sell, will prevail this coming fall.

GET ONE NOW!

MONHEIMER'S.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

REDUCED PRICES ON MONARCH SHIRTS.

As a pre-inventory clearance of Men's Negligee Shirts we offer for Friday and Saturday your pick of the Complete stock at reductions that will cause quick action on the part of all who are acquainted with Monarch and Cluett quality and fit in Men's Shirts.

Belcrest Brand, separate cuffs, at 38c.

Monarch Brand, $1.00 grade, separate or attached cuffs, at 75c.

Cluett Brand, $1.50 and 2.00 grade, attached cuffs, at $1.15.

FRY & COMES

Smethport, - - - Penna.

WHY

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A Matter of Conventions

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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The train scrambled its way through the valley, grunted up the steep incline and came to a standstill before the ramshackle little station. It paused while two passengers alighted, and then it hurried off, as if it was glad to get away from such an insignificant stopping place.

Elsie Lansing accepted her leather bag from the taciturn station agent who at the same time pushed a suit case toward the other traveler, a tall young man buttoned up in a gray ulster.

"Stage here for Greentop?" queried the latter, picking up his grip.

"Not this day!" returned the agent grimly. "Jim Laidlaw, he seems to think Saturday's made special so's he can git a little drunker'n usual! If you ain't expected, you'll have to walk!" With which remark he slammed the station door and turned the key.

"Let me see—it's twelve miles to Greentop, isn't it?" asked the stranger thoughtfully.

"Twelve and a half. Straight road ahead." The agent tramped away across the platform and disappeared inside a small cottage perched on the high bank above the tracks.

Elsie Lansing looked dubiously at the frozen road stretching away between pine clad heights, faintly touched with the early morning sun. She had traveled all night and had telegraphed for her newly acquired brother-in-law to meet her.

There was no sign of the white motor car which had been a part of the bridal equipment and which was to speed her to the Eyrie, in the Green mountains, away from civilization and its attendant comforts.

"If you are going to Greentop, permit me to carry your bag," said the young man, lifting his hat. "It is a stiff walk, but perhaps it will stimulate an appetite for dinner."

"You are very good," replied Elsie pleasantly, "but my bag is not heavy, and I can easily carry it myself."

Without further conversation they left the station and made their way along the road in the shadow of the pines.

It was a crisp day, with a tang of early winter in the breath of the north wind. It was an invigorating day, with its strong scent of pine and hemlock, the rattle of crisp, dry cones and the sweet purity of mountain air.

The stranger walked on ahead with long, swinging strides. His head was bent thoughtfully, and it was quite evident that he had forgotten the girl who was struggling to keep pace with him. Suddenly he turned and perceived her.

"I must ask your pardon!" he cried commiseratively. "I forgot—that is, I did not realize how fast I was walking. Let me take your bag. You are very tired."

He took it from her unresisting hand and looked down at the delicate cheek, paler by contrast of the fringing dark lashes.

"I hope it isn't much further," she admitted ruefully. "I have been ill and my strength is fickle."

He stopped and looked about him. They had come to a slight opening in the forest, where the sun streamed over fallen tree trunks and glinted on the surface of a tiny brook that wound its way across the road.

"We will rest here," he said, with a note of authority in his voice. "It is a good deal farther. We have come perhaps three miles. If you will let me take you back to the station I will return to Greentop and procure a conveyance of some sort"—

"No," she objected, sinking wearily on to a fallen log. "I will be rested presently. You see, I didn't eat any breakfast, and"—

"No breakfast!" he echoed blankly. "I don't wonder you are tired. Wait a minute, please!" He knelt down before his suit case and unlocked it. From its depths of masculine apparel he brought forth a small alcohol stove, a bottle of the necessary liquid and a small tin of beef extract.

Elsie watched him with amused interest. With deft fingers he filled and lighted the lamp and opened the tin of extract. "I wonder if he is a drummer and is demonstrating some of his wares!"

But there was something in the man's thin, intellectual face, with its nearsighted blue eyes behind thick glasses, that belied her estimate. There was a vague familiarity about his movements that puzzled her.

"Here," he said, approaching her with a small silver drinking cup, "drink this, please."

"You are very kind indeed," she said gratefully, sipping the hot liquid. "I am afraid I am depriving you of your luncheon."

He threw back his head and laughed heartily. Elsie liked the laugh and decided that she liked the man.

"Excuse me, but you must think I'm an old maid—to be traveling about with that equipment," he said. "You see, I have an invalid aunt in Greentop. These are to rejoice her heart!"

"I have bonbons in my bag," confessed Elsie. "Shall we eat them?"

"Let's," he assented gayly.

When the empty box had been thrown away and the spirit lamp and its appurtenances had been returned to the suit case Elsie arose and drew her furs about her white throat.

"I feel like a new woman," she said gratefully.

"The Lord forbid!" he cried, with fervency.

They laughed in unison as they resumed their journey. The way seemed shorter now as they chatted of impersonal matters. Once the man referred to a certain scientific work.

"I haven't read that; I did read Professor Ray's book on the same subject."

"Ah! You have read Ray's book?" he questioned.

She nodded. "I had to!"

"Why under compulsion?" There was deep interest in his tone.

"You see, Peter Ray is my brother-in-law's elder brother."

"You know him?" he asked.

"Not at all. I have never been him, but Bob says he is a jolly grind, and my sister says he is charming."

"See that squirrel," said the man, suddenly changing the subject. "It is a flying squirrel, and his antics are worth watching. Squirrels are perfect acrobats."

* * * * * * * *

A long, white motor car crawled down the road to the railroad station. A man struggled ineffectually with the speed levers.

"Four hours from the Eyrie, darling," murmured a white veiled vision from the tonneau.

"I can't help it, Lettie! I don't know what's got into the machine! Elsie will be starved to death after this long wait. If Laidlaw isn't there she may try to walk," groaned Bob Ray dismally.

"If Peter was only here!" said Lettie gently.

"Aye, Peter could make the blamed thing go! By Jove, Lettie, look there!" He pointed ahead, where a huge log was rolled beside the path.

On it sat a man and a girl deeply interested in watching the antics of a squirrel in the pine tree overhead.

"Elsie!" cried Mrs. Ray breathlessly.

"And Peter, as I'm a sinner!" added her husband, tooting his horn gayly.

The pair on the log turned around and then arose.

For the first time that day Elsie felt embarrassed at the situation. She could explain the fact that a stranger had accompanied her on the long walk, but now to make it clear to conventional Lettie that sitting upon the log was a natural outcome of their friendly companionship?

Bob Ray saved her from Lettie's displeasure.

"Peter, old man," he shouted gleefully, "forget all your old 'isms' and 'ologies' and get down and tinker this thing into shape! How is Elsie—tired, eh?"

Elsie flushed and hesitated. Professor Ray came nobly to her aid. "I met Miss Lansing at the station. We came up on the train together, you know. There was no conveyance, so we walked. Glad you met us, though," he added incidentally.

When the automobile had been hurriedly scorched by the skillful hands of the professor they whizzed smoothly toward the Eyrie.

"I thought you and Peter had never met, Elsie?" said her sister, with an interrogative glance.

"Why—yes—we—er—met"—faltered Elsie, with a pleading glance at the nearsighted blue eyes that peered at her from the front seat.

"We met," said the professor, whose mental insight was without flaw, "we—er—met. Is not that sufficient?"

Lettie looked at her sister's conscious face and at Peter's betraying eyes.

"I think that is sufficient," she said, with a sage nod of her pretty head.

Bread and Microbes.

From experiments made by M. Rousel in Paris it appears that only the crust of bread is submitted to a sufficiently high temperature to kill all the bacteria which the loaf may contain. The inside of the loaf may therefore be contaminated by the microbes from a consumptive baker or conveyed in the water, as is the case with typhoid fever and cholera. Professor Metchnikoff was asked his opinion whether bread could not be a source of danger, and his answer was as follows: "I don't think so. The temperature to which the inside of a loaf is submitted generally exceeds 140 degrees F. At this temperature many microbes are killed—those of tuberculosis, for instance—but there are much hardier germs, such as those of anthrax, the germs of which are only killed at over 224 degrees F. But anthrax is rare, and it is hardly likely that a baker attacked by this terrible malady would continue to work once the disease had declared itself." Professor Metchnikoff advises, however, that only bread which is well baked, and therefore not crumbly, should be eaten.

What She Was Thinking Of.

The young poet had just finished what he considered to be a work of real inspiration, and, rising from his table, he hastened upstairs to where his little wife, a bride of six weeks, was sitting darning his socks.

"Listen, sweetheart," he whispered tenderly. "I have just written this."

And he began to read. He put his whole soul into the reading. His gestures were graceful; his intonation perfect. The whole spirit of his beautiful poem breathed forth as he threaded his way form the beginning to the end of his theme, and when he had finished he looked at her, awaiting her verdict.

For a time she was silent.

"Well, dear heart," he said, "tell me what you are thinking."

"I was wondering, dearest"—

"What?"

"Whether the butcher was not awfully late with that liver," she replied.—Judge.

Hunting a Homemaker.

By LULU JOHNSON.

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A mere toddler of a boy stood on the bank above the railroad track. In his hand was a stone. Aiming blindly, he tossed the stone upon the track and it smiggled against the gleaming rail.

In less than forty-eight hours that stone, tossed by a baby hand, had thrown Wall street and the money market of the country into a panic.

The single track of the little western road suffered rough traveling. Not many of the travelers aboard that particular train even noticed the somewhat harder jolt when the car wheel struck the stone.

But Gilbert Fairbain, smoking a "good night" cigar as he leaned alone against the railing of the observation car's platform, felt the jar—and then felt nothing more.

And it was two weeks before Wall street learned that Fairbain, the one man who could have stopped the panic, had been found beside the tracks and removed to a farmhouse on the quarter section nearest the road.

For ten days he had been unconscious, and for two days or more he had been in no condition to be left alone. There was but one inmate of that farmhouse besides himself, and she had been too busy nursing him to make the trip to the nearest town to report that he had been found.

As soon as his whereabouts had been discovered the lonesome little town was overrun with people. Grave and learned physicians from the east were hurried westward on special trains and a regiment of nurses attended them, but Fairbain waved them all away.

"I don't need you," he said irritably. "Little Mrs. Bodington pulled me through without a lot of palaver or thousand dollar doctors to help her. Leave a couple of nurses to wait on her, and the rest of you go away."

"There is an excellent hospital not fifty miles from here," suggested the family physician. "I can look after you with better assurance of successful treatment."

"Sugden, you're an ass," declared Fairbain irritably. "This little woman nursed me single handed through an attack of brain fever. I guess she can attend to the convalescence."

"I will not undertake to be responsible for the consequences," said Sugden, with pointerous emphasis.

"You don't have to be," was the acrid response. "You are going to be packed out of here, the whole lot of you. I've spent most of my life with a doctor on one side of me and a lawyer on the other. I'm sick of it all, and I'm entitled to a rest."

He looked contentedly about the tiny room. The outlook from the narrow paned windows was dreary, and the room itself was walled with rough plaster and decorated with cheap prints in homemade frames.

The bed on which he rested was a wooden affair with a cotton mattress and coarse cotton sheets, but the sheets were immaculately clean, and there was an air of homeliness about the place that Fairbain had not known in years.

He closed his eyes contentedly and dozed off. Sugden, mindful of his flat fees, waited in deferential silence during the half hour the nap lasted. Fairbain's glance fell first on him as his eyes opened again.

"You still here?" he cried. "Sugden, if you don't take the first train back to New York I'll make you sue for whatever I owe you and I'll take it on appeal and appeal until you spend every cent you ever made off of me. Now get out of here!"

Sugden took his departure, vowing that his patient was insane, but Fairbain only smiled contentedly and turned to the sweet faced woman who sat beside the bed.

"That's the way to talk to those sharks," he declared. "I have a headache, and Sugden gives me something to make it worse. Then he doctors up for the new disease and sends in a bill a yard long. This is the time I fooled him."

"I am glad that you were not moved," said the woman softly. "I think that the excitement would have been bad for you."

"It is not the trip I was dreading," admitted Fairbain frankly, "but like it here, and I want to stay a little while. My secretary will stay over in town and bring my important mail every day, and the two nurses will relieve you of the watchful nights."

"If you want anything else, buy it or hire it or something. Wilson will give you what money I need. Wilson is a fine fellow," he added. "He came into my office this fall as a clerk, and I took a fancy to him and made him my confidential man. He took to the job as though he had known me and my affairs since he was born."

"It must be very nice to have some one to do your work the way you want it done," she said softly. "I am glad that you are so pleased with him."

"I'm pleased with him," said Fairbain meaningly, "so long as you are not too well pleased with him. You won't be pleased with him?" he pleaded.

"No more than I am now," she promised, and with that Fairbain was content. He was convinced that money was omnipotent and that even here on the prairie it could purchase the love of the little woman who had made him so comfortable.

Fairbain was in love with his newly found home comforts rather than with the woman herself, but this he did not know, although when there was no longer any pretext for prolonging the stay, he spoke bravely enough.

"I need you very much," he said earnestly. "I have a house that covers half a square in the most expensive residential district in New York. I have three yachts, something like a dozen automobiles and all that sort of thing, but I have no home. Not since I was a boy have I realized what home was like. My wife was no home maker, and when she died—I never dared repeat the experiment with the women in the set I lived in. You are different. For years I have been hungry. Don't you think that you can come and make it for me?"

The little woman paused for a moment and scanned the face of the multimillionaire as earnestly as though she had not devoted weeks in that pursuit.

There was no ardent affection in tone or look. Fairbain discussed the matter with as much feeling as though he was discussing the making of some railroad deal with his fellow magnates. He was not the young lover, but the elderly widower in need of a homemaker.

The girl—she was little more than that—nodded her head in an affirmative.

"I'll make the home for you, but not as your wife. I am not a widow, you see."

"I am married," continued the girl hurriedly. "I married when I was on the stage. I married a boy who never had had a home, and I made one for him—out here where nothing matters. He was home hungry. I knew that I would spoil all his chances if I married him. I also knew that he would spoil his own chances if I didn't, so I married him.

"After our boy was born—that was the second year we were here—he went back east and took a name that was neither his nor mine to show his father that he was able to work for the woman he loved. I am married to your son, Mr. Fairbain. I guess you've forgotten that Gregory married Martha Bodington. From what Gregory told me, you called me everything but my right name at that last interview."

"Perhaps I did," was the shamefaced reply. "I guess I did not know what I was saying, and, I'm certain that I didn't know the sort of a girl I was talking about."

"We'll forget that now," offered Martha. "Let the past be forgotten for the sake of the boy."

"But Gregory?" asked Fairbain.

"There," Martha pointed out over the prairie, where the secretary was to be seen riding across the section with the mail.

"And Wilson is Gregory? You mean to say I didn't know my own boy when I hired him?" asked Fairbain, with a chuckle. "To think that all the time he has been here I've been fretting because I feared that you might learn to love him. And all that time you were married to him. I'm rather glad, my dear, that I made my second marriage by proxy, so long as you will make a home for Greg and the boy and me."

"I was so afraid that you would recognize Greg," said Martha as she regarded the tall figure of the secretary with a look of frank admiration.

"He assumed an excellent disguise," remarked Fairbain. "I never thought to find my son a worker, my dear. That's another thing I have to thank you for," and Fairbain sighed with relief. He had found a home while retaining his domestic independence, and the son for whom his heart cried out was restored to him again.

Changes in Boston.

In 1630 one of the suburbs of Boston was Newe Towne, which in 1638 was changed to Cambridge and as the seat of Harvard university has an international reputation today. Since the early lines were fixed Cambridge obtained by annexation a part of Charlestown, but has ceded land to the towns of Waltham, Brighton, Watertown, Belmont and West Cambridge, the latter now known as Arlington.

The Boston of 1630, called Tri-Mountain, was very different from the Boston of today. Its area was not extensive, although it included the larger portion of Quincy, out of which the town of Braintree was made at a later period. The first annexations to Boston were Noddles Island (East Boston) and the territory now covered by Chelsea.

In 1640 Boston lost its rights in Quincy, which were acquired by the town of Braintree. Subsequent additions to Boston have been Roxbury, Dorchester, West Roxbury, Brighton, Charlestown and a part of Brookline.

As an independent municipality Charlestown, which was settled as early as Boston, gave birth to Somerville, Woburn, Malden, Stoneham and Mulford and furnished land to Cambridge.—Boston Post.

Value of the Architect.

The members of a country club, the building and decoration of whose clubhouse had been placed entirely in the hands of the architect, even to the minutest furnishings, found themselves in need of new window shades and a few other small household necessities. Instead of buying the things themselves, they sent for the architect to come out and look things over and order appropriate fittings.

"That is not at all an unusual case," said the architect. "I can show you houses that I planned more than twenty-five years ago that have never been furnished with so much as a new chair without my being consulted first. Having deferred entirely to my judgment in the first place, those confiding patrons are afraid to trust their own taste in the smallest matter, and they will probably continue to ask my advice in every little detail of decoration as long as they occupy the house."—New York Globe.

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W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

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W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 373, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

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G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

B. F. WRIGHT, Com.
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W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

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MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

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W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, K. E.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 2 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
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P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 33, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

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Phoenix Chapter No. 18, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARTA CARTER, W. M.
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I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday, Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

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Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. the next.

First Baptist Church.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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"BEQUEATHED TO WHOM?"

Tiberius Smith

He Decides the Higbutton Will Case.

By HUGH PENDEXTER

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"Just as we were leaving Beanville we got a wire saying the circus boss was weary of waiting for us to arrive and had skipped away to Nanroro for a few days. However, he left a handsome check behind for our approval, and in the interim of waiting for him to return Tib decided we should pay another visit to old Vermont. To my best knowledge it was his second trip there since his infancy. If he could be here to-day I believe he would refuse to make a third. For on this last occasion he played the part of a 60-horse-power auto in the midst of his homeland, and I reckon he would feel a bit skittish about appearing in the guise of a 12s bicycle. Again, there is the sheriff to consider. But above all sordid deterrents he climbed high on the pedestal on this sojourn, and for a brief period wore the ermine. Yes, sir, he was a Solomon until they turned in an alarm.

"Somehow, I like best to think of the old chap in that stage-setting. It was the one short lull in our many adventures, and I love to dwell upon the time when for three hours he toyed with the scales of justice, and within that small circumference managed to establish certain legal propositions so astounding as to equip the higher courts with severe headaches for many years to come.

"Now, don't run away with the idea that Tib drew only about six inches of water when it came to sailing the legal seas; for he was so good he could pick the Futurity winner in 1911. Why, in one abbreviated afternoon he firmly started the celebrated Higbutton will case on its spiral way, and only escaped a grand jury acquaintance by thoughtfully nabbing a south-bound train in the evening. Probably to this day the principals in that litigation are anxiously watching for his return. Dull minds, dream on! Would that you could behold him again!

"You see, sir, Tiberius was the greatest legal tester that ever raised blisters on the judicial brow, although he had no idea of measuring out legal lore when we darted into placid Spluckersville. I'll admit he was not a lawyer in the technical sense of the word, but when it came to doing the Daniel-arrived-at-judgment act, he had Blackstone and all the other calf-bound antiques begging for mercy. And despite we were there on a mere vacation, and although he was forced into the office, and while his first and last case was a stinger—a quadrupedal one—he didn't go to work and slur it over and pass it on to the higher courts. No, sirree! Perhaps that's where he slipped up; for although I was betting five to nothing on him, I can see now he tickled the keystone of the commonwealth out of plumb by trying to get a corner on jurisdiction.

"But to romp back and catch the flag. With the fat check we were well-laden with pin-money, and when we arrived at Spluckersville, Tib swore it reminded him of his birthplace, and his twinkling brown eyes would gather pearls as he found the old swimming-hole he would have laved in had he been allowed to have been born and grown up in that drowsy environment. Then came a few stanzas about his lost youth, and 'Off in the Stilly Night,' and other Fourth-Reader stunts. Well, probably the town never before or since possessed a citizen so deeply appreciative of its charms. First, he gave the Methodist church a new bell, and then he hung up a prize in the school for the best essay on home. Only, he insisted the compositions should be framed up like circus posters and be largely ejaculatory. To add up the tally, as we both were paying our board, that wart of a town ultimately felt on our necks and pronounced us blessed, and studied to keep us with them for all time. Then, at the conclusion of much liberality on our part, fully realizing Tib's intense loyalty to the coop, the town fathers gravely convened and decided we had gained a legal residence, and appointed the dear old chap as a justice of the peace.

"First was how it all started. You know all about circuses and stock companies, but his legal lore, like Joe Smith's Bible, was largely a matter of inspiration. Yet he bowed to the public will and slipped on the yoke. Really, he felt more happy and cheery over that miserly, little, scantily paid office than if he had captured a whole bevy of grand llamas for a sideshow attraction. Of course, he swore me in as clerk, explaining I was the only man on earth who could read his writing. And, this done, he began to yearn and hanker for a litigation. He had an idea that the hitherto accepted theory of jurisprudence was crude and noisy, and should be fitted out with ball-bearing sockets and a chronometer movement. He simply pined away the first hour of his incumbency for the want of a test case.

"He had just dusted off two volumes of statutes and was hefting five pounds of Somebody on Mortgages, and had expressed a hope we would have a busy summer, when Hiram Duzer, farm-hand, rushed into the office and begged for several quarts of undiluted justice.

"'What kind do you want?' asked Tib, nervously, opening the statutes with rather a timid hand.

"'A warrant fer th' arrest of John Peasly an' Jasper Turner, store-keepers, fer makin' off with valuable papers,' cried Hiram.

"'Papers consisting of what?' I propounded, to give Tib his cue.

"'Silas Higbutton's las' will an' testament,' explained Duzer, solemnly.

"'Felony!' cried Tib, eying some tax receipts wisely. 'Hand me a blank warrant, Billy.'

"And after I'd found a chromo that looked like a board of health danger signal, he gracefully scratched it with his pen and called in a lame constable and told him to do his duty.

"'Hate like sin ter do it,' demurred the officer, limping to the door. 'They'll come, all right, but they'll be so mad they may lick ye. They never stole nothin'.'

"I whispered to Tib to put on the brakes and coast a bit, even if he couldn't back-pedal. I reminded him Hiram was a care-free wag who always decorated the town hall for the Knights of Pythias ball and played in the band, and largely attended to somebody else's business except his own. I wished Hi to give a bond, but Tib insisted a hired man could quaff as deeply and freely at the spring of justice as any village store-keepers, and in about 30 minutes Peasly and Turner drifted in, escorted by a large rural chorus and the only two legal lanterns in town.

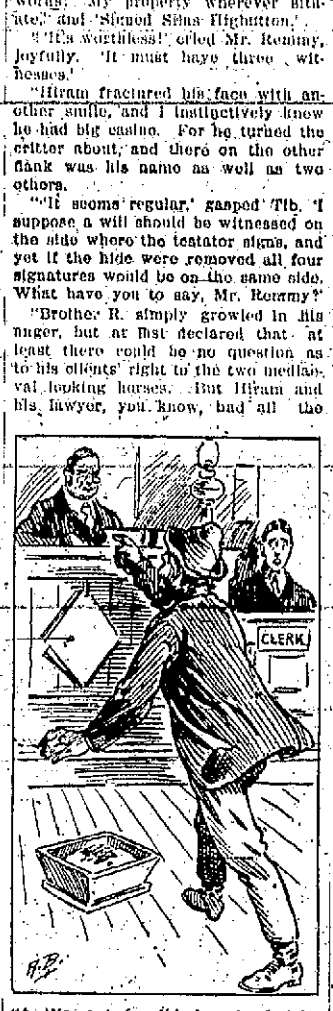
"Lawyer Remmy, a tall, thin, sad-faced man, folded his arms, and, sinking his head on his chest, much like the Little Corsican, eyed the court sternly and demanded why his two clients had been arrested.

"Tib cheerfully informed him, and gently asked the hired man if he were appearing by counsel. Then Lawyer Bilger, another thin one, took the first position in repulsing a bayonet charge, and said he owned Hi.

"'Very well,' said Tib, shuffling the leaves of Webster's Unabridged to find the Latin quotations. 'Let the prisoners plead.'

"At this Brother Remmy broke loose, and beginning with Mount Sinai flapped every legal precept that ever emerged from a bench in the court's face, and begged to inform the court, sir, that when Ethan Allen indulged in a little joke on Fort Ticonderoga the Remmy forebears were not lurking in the background. With this personal prelude he wound up with mention of the Green Mountain Boys, then quoted a section from Tom Paine's 'Age of Reason,' and finally declared Hiram was a scalawag and a blood relation of Ananias.

"'My clients,' he added, in a soft, hushed voice, 'are only guilty of re-



"A Warrant for th' Arrest of John Peasly."

garding their own. For years back they trusted, to use our homely village phrase, Silas Higbutton with certain edibles and groceries and divers staples of life. As said Silas showed no inclination to liquidate his indebtedness, they levied, if it please the court, upon his live-stock just a few days before he passed on to the final arraignment. But justly did my clients seize upon his stock and mingle them with their own kine. Needless to say, no will or any paper has been taken, and we demand the warrant dismissed.'

"Then Mr. Bilger thrust one hand in the bosom of his coat, and, turning his watery eyes on Tib, laughed hoarsely at his fellow's audacity. 'Who spoke of papers?' he asked, shrilly, dusting his breast with his free hand. 'Who spoke of papers in the sense of papyrus or parchment? We spoke of documents. Now, let the constable go and drive the live stock here, and we will make good our charges and get at the res gestae.'

"Tib bounced sharply from his chair at the last shot, and eyed the dictionary wistfully. But, as there was only one thing to do, he ordered the dame man hence, and in about ten minutes the mooing of cattle called us all to the door.

"'While we are entitled to a subpoena duces tecum,' declared Mr. Remmy, airily, 'we have waived that right, and now that the live stock is here let my learned friend make good his vaunted boast and point out Silas Higbutton's last will.'

"Mr. Bilger and Hiram merely grinned. They yanked a fetlosome cow up to the door and then asked the court to drag his honest orbs over her right flank. And hang me, sir, if there wasn't branded the words: 'I give, devise and bequeath to—' and no more!

"Tib mopped his brow, stared intently at the beast for a minute, and then gasped, in a trembly voice: 'Bequeathed to whom?'

"'Jest wait a second, y' honor,' cried Hiram, stalking proudly back and petting a steer, whose flank bore the next installment, to wit: 'Hiram Duzer all—' and that was all.

"'Well, sir,' the discovery of these sections of the will simply swept the defendants and their attorney off their feet; and Tib could only sit on the door-step and weakly ask: 'Is there any more?'

"'The will is complete,' insured Mr. Bilger, gravely. 'I dictated it.'

"'And two more cows showed the words: 'My property wherever situate,' and 'Signed Silas Higbutton.'

"'It's worthless!' cried Mr. Remmy, joyfully. 'It must have three witnesses.'

"Hiram fractured his face with another snuffle, and I instinctively knew he had big cashoo. For he turned the critter about, and there on the other flank was his name as well as two others.

"'It seems regular,' gasped Tib. 'I suppose a will should be witnessed on the side where the testator signs, and yet if the hide were removed all four signatures would be on the same side. What have you to say, Mr. Remmy?'

"Brother R. simply growled in his anger, but at last declared that at least there could be no question as to his clients' right to the two mediaeval looking horses. But Hiram and his lawyer, you know, had all the

laurels tucked in their belts when it came to being old cuties, and with a deprecatory wave of the hand Bilger slyly called attention to the fact that each horse was a codicil.

"'What's th' judge gotu' ter do?' whispered one of the amazed fringe of spectators.

"Tib caught it, and turned quickly, saying: 'The court will now convene within. Leave the exhibits where they are.'

"'Don't monkey with this game,' I begged of the old chap; but he looked at me sorrowfully, and whispered:

"'Billy, this little legal nut has got to be cracked by some one, and if it wanders into the higher courts it won't be because I'm not the child to settle it. Besides, there's a nice point of law involved, just what I've been aching to get at all my life.'

"I groaned and conceded he could hang his hat on a dozen such points, but without profit, and so, following him, I called court to order. Then up jumped Hiram's tall, thin angel, and, with a sophomoric, Italy-beyond-the-Alps delivery, he explained how Silas Higbutton had died without kin, and had willed his little all to his trusty hired man.

"'Ye can't probate a will in this darned one-hoss court,' snarled old Peasly, his white whiskers bristling in anger. 'He's got ter take it ter a court of probate.'

"'This court must pass upon the validity of the will before deciding whether you are guilty as charged,' said Tib, stoutly. 'And as for the physical aspect of the court, your outre metaphor will cost you five dollars, Brother Remmy, what have you to say?'

"'I say this is no will,' cried Mr. Remmy, trying to throttle his clients into silence. 'The statutes say a will must be in writing—'

"'It done on a typewriter it's binding,' jeered Mr. Bilger.

"'Printed characters are certainly within the statutes,' decided Tib.

"'But not on cows!' gasped Mr. Remmy, pressing his tremulous hands to his fevered brow.

"'The testator certainly had a right to execute his will on one cow,' howled Mr. Bilger, snapping his fingers under his opponent's nose. 'And where does the law draw the line and invalidate man's sovereign prerogative and declare, di cluebrum nozzum, that he shall be relegated to one cow? What if he owns two small cows and must use them instead of one large cow? Is he a freeman or a slave? Must he swap the two critters for one? In the words of Justinian: In hoc signo vinces!'

"'Trying to sign me with their boarding house French,' muttered Tib, in my dazed ear. Then sternly, to Mr. Bilger: 'Hon! soit qui mal y pense. Sit down, sir.' And poor Bilger wilted, while Mr. Remmy, who had butted into other courts, spun on his heel and dizzily staggered against the wall.

"'I am of the opinion,' continued Tib, gravely tapping the Unabridged impressively, 'that a man has a right—a legal right—to execute a binding will on the side of his house, on a fence, or to spell it in colored pebbles on his lawn. But if a man utilizes the method in controversy, it would seem he were guilty of contributory negligence.'

"'That's right, judge,' cheered Mr. Turner, enthusiastically.

"'Silence in the court. Oyez, oyez, and oyez!' I warned, beginning to feel saucy from my semi-official position.

"'But his negligence does not necessarily invalidate his will,' concluded Tib, heavily. 'He is merely taking a chance.'

"'Hooray!' cheered Hiram.

"'Charge up five dollars against that person if he becomes ebullient again, Billy,' directed the court.

"'If the court please,' soared Mr. Remmy, after whispering in his clients' ears, 'we contest the will on the ground the signature is forged. We have samples of the alleged testator's handwriting here, and would offer them in evidence.'

"Tib looked puzzled for a moment, and finally conceded that the contestants were entitled to dispute and disprove the signature by offering genuine copies of the decedent's chirography in evidence, and the defendants patted each other on the back in glee. 'But,' added my Daniel, 'the contradictory evidence'—and here the pages of Noah's big book buzzed dustily as Tib raced through the ponderous volume to the list of quotations from foreign languages—'must be Similia similibus curantur, or of a like nature, or, in the nature of a signature on a cow. Of course, a man would sign his name differently when writing on a cow than he would in using a fountain pen on super-lined bond. Ahem!'

"And as a husky wight beat a cripple across the road to the tavern, where, from my elevated position, I could see they were drinking nervously from a bottle, Mr. Bilger arose and joyously proclaimed: 'The only thing for them to do is to swear in an expert on cow-writing.'

"'An' on hosses, too,' supplemented the hired man.

"I could now see Tib was in pretty deep water, and that the responsibility was wearing on him, and while motioning me to look up some more phrases to have on friendly tap, he tried to shift the line of thought by ruling that in future the impatient and irritated beasts should be referred to as such and such a clause in the will, or as a codicil.

"By this time, sir, we had the weather-beaten, bewhiskered audience in a sickly trance, and old Deacon Mumby limped out to gather new wisdom across the road. And as he blindly paused and attempted to foregather the age of Codicil Number One by looking at his teeth, he received a severe kick which led him to belabor the poor brute with his cane. It required all of Tib's official zeal to cause him to hesitate.

"'Dod rot him! He kicked me!' complained the deacon. 'I'll sue Hi Duzer if this turns out ter be his will.'

"After the old man had been told a few wholesome truths about the sacred nature of last wills and testaments and warned not to meddle with the public archives again, Tib did a little scout work through the statutes and at last announced that the will must be filed with the court.

"And this, sir, was a neat stroke. Of course, Mr. Remmy began to argue that Tib was not a court of probate, and hence had no jurisdiction. But he caught himself in time and swallowed his voice, for he couldn't dope out how Hiram was to file his instrument—ergo, the defendants would win.

"Then up jumped Mr. Bilger, realizing all was almost lost, and began to make the same point, but he remembered in time that it was all off for his client if he doubted my patron's jurisdiction, so he strangled a sob and began to bluff. He said the clauses and codicils would certainly be stabled in the office, providing the beneficiary was allowed to feed 'em. Hi broke in and wanted it stipulated that he should also milk the cluses and borrow the bodkins occasionally to do a little cultivating with.

"'Or could we file a copy of the will?' asked Mr. Bilger, tearing Tib's puckered brow.

"'Can't copy a cow—I mean those clauses—very well,' sneered Mr. Remmy, light-hearted with delight at having the burden shifted to Tib's shoulders.

"'You could with a camera,' reminded Tib.

"'But the law requires the original should be filed,' insisted Mr. Remmy.

"'I'll designate the adjoining paddock as the court,' declared Tib, gleefully. 'Put the will in there.'

"Hiram and his attorney shook hands in radiant spirits, and then the latter turned to the court and with a playful air observed: 'I don't suppose there is any objection to the calf staying with its mother, Clause Four, eh?'

"Tib, who was busy parking up his law books, wheeled quickly and demanded: 'Calf? Explain.'

"'If your honor please, Clause Four is accompanied by a calf, recently born,' said Mr. Bilger, with a strained, nervous smile.

"'Born since the will was executed?' asked Tib, carelessly.

"Mr. Bilger replied chstly in the affirmative and beamed brightly again

Deacon Mumby Received a Kick from Codicil Number 1.

as my client seemed about to dismiss the matter. But all pleasant vistas were sadly agitated when Tib sternly inquired: 'Why wasn't I told this before?'

"Poor Bilger failed to appreciate how the little, wobbly one's presence in the paddock could make any difference and tried to say so, but Tib cut him short. 'While I would be the last man in Vermont to separate parent from child,' he declared, 'yet the child in this case cannot presume upon its mother's legal status to claim a day in court. The child is an orphan. Legally its mother is dead, or rather, has, by those subtle evolutions in law, been transformed into a will. She cannot even claim to be in loco parentis. She is no longer a cow; she is a document. She can have no offspring.'

"'Then at least the calf belongs to the creditors,' cried Mr. Remmy, quickly. 'For having no parent, no owner, it is a stray, the property of the first to claim it.'

"'Not by a blamed sight—' began Hiram.

"'Hesitate a moment,' commanded Tib. 'While an orphan, yet its coming into the world affects the validity of the will. The will, as originally drawn, consisted of three cows, a steer, and two horses. An erasure in that instrument, say the death of any clause, would render the instrument null and void. Any tampering with a will after the testator's signature has been affixed, or after his death, such as writing in another clause, would invalidate it. The calf is an interpolation. While a codicil can be set aside without rendering inoperative the body of the instrument, the attesting clause cannot be disturbed. In this case the very signatures of the witnesses are eliminated.'

"'Well, sir, you'll admit that was a mighty fine point, and you'll not be surprised when I add that the audience as well as the litigants were clinging to their ear-locks and staring at the court with lack-luster eyes. It was clear beyond theme and you could have brushed them from the room with a feather.

"'Then,' cried Mr Remmy, triumphantly, 'as the will was destroyed, my clients are not guilty, as charged, and can go in peace.'

"'That's so,' admitted Tib. 'I so charge.'

"'That settles it, and I wish to thank this court for its superhuman intellect in elucidating one of the most—er—entangled, bovine questions of law I ever encountered in a court of justice,' spieled Mr. Remmy. 'Come on, boys, we'll drive those critters home.'

"'Wait a moment,' commanded Tib, leaning his alabaster brow on the edge of Somebody on Mortgages. 'I hardly think you can take the cattle.'

"'That calf is merely a blank line in the will,' expostulated Mr. Bilger, at last coming to. 'Every will has blank lines.'

"'But they always exist before the will is made,' soothed Tib. 'No; the continuity of the will has been altered since its execution, and so the instrument is invalid. And yet the contestants are not entitled to it, or we may now say, to the live stock.'

"'Hooray!' shouted Hiram.

"'The worst is yet to come,' warned Tib. 'The court has ruled the will is invalid, pro bono publico; hence Mr. Higbutton died intestate. Then we find he left no next of kin. To whom, under these circumstances, does the property go?'

"'To his creditors,' bawled Mr. Remmy, not doing the table any particular good with his fists. 'To his creditors!'

"'Whose claims have not been established,' declared the old chap, throwing up his head. 'No; I find it that the statutes have it that under like conditions the estate would escheat to the state of Vermont, and I so rule.'

"'Well, sir, you could have brushed that crowd away with a yard of baby ribbon! They never saw real, old-fashioned, simon-pure justice before in such large lumps.

"'Yo mean I don't git 'em?' moaned Hiram.

"'We can't take 'em?' gasped Mr. Remmy.

"'They belong to the State of Vermont,' repeated Tib, firmly. 'Court's adjourned.'

"'I'll impeach this court!' cried Mr. Remmy, with his last shift, quite like Ajax defying the lightning.

"'My man,' warned Tib, in his low, dangerous voice, 'if you applied that term to me in private life I should forget my dignity long enough to go to the mat with you. But, being the court, I can only frown and impose a fine of ten dollars for contempt of court.'

"'But court had adjourned,' gasped poor Remmy, counting the buttons on his coat to see if he were sane and awake.

"'This court never adjourns when it comes to contempt,' explained Tib.

"As the thoroughly bewildered crowd wandered out into the open Tib proudly observed to me: 'There may be legal stars of a greater brilliancy than I, my child, but I guess none of 'em ever wrestled with a more complicated crystal maze than that. Nuno pro tunc.'

"But that night we were tipped off by the prosecuting officer of the county that the matter had been rushed before the grand jury then in session, it being charged that Tib and I had conspired to drive the judiciary out of business, and the night train consequently found us companions on its southern jaunt. But many times since I have noted with much pride in the public press that the celebrated Higbutton will case is still trifling with the poise and peace of mind of the various courts in Vermont; and regardless of how they may befuddle it, or solve it, I shall always believe that my old patron's diagnosis was the correct one."

DEMAND FOR HAUNTED HOUSES.

American Visitors to England Especially Anxious to Meet a Ghost.

"Haunted houses are in demand just now. "Spending some time in an old house which has the reputation of being haunted is the bean ideal of many Americans and a few Englishmen," said a prominent West End estate agent.

"In response to the demand we keep on hand a list of ancient houses which are claimed to be visited with apparitions. There is a haunted house near Guildford which I can specially recommend to ghost-loving Americans. Its reputation is sinister in the extreme. Some time ago a family moved into the house and on the second day the servants left in a body. They flatly refused to come back; the house, they said, was haunted by a fearful spectre. This country mansion is now tenantless and I can guarantee it as at least having a ghostly reputation.

"Some Americans are particular in their tastes regarding ghosts. They like one that is an original kind, particularly one that has any historical association. I believe that if you could convince one of those Americans that a certain house was haunted by the shade of Queen Elizabeth he would pay any price you demanded for it.

"English people, on the whole, however, dislike ghosts, and English ladies have a horror of them. On two or three occasions we have arranged to let a house on a long lease and at the last moment the offer has been thrown up because the lady heard the house was haunted. As it is, there are several haunted houses in England which can be supplied to clients at reasonable terms."—London Correspondence Washington Herald.

WORK FAST AND DIE EARLY.

American Business Men Must Learn to Slow Down.

Physicians have long been preaching the doctrine that American business men live too fast. With the telegraph, the ocean cable, the telephone and other modern facilities the man of affairs can do in one hour work that formerly would have occupied six. It might be thought his working day would be correspondingly shortened. Nothing of the sort has occurred. The speed with which trade can be effected has simply accelerated his pace, and he not only works faster but more hours than [illegible], with corresponding increase of business and responsibilities. To keep up this energy he eats too much—sometimes drinks too much—for a man who spends most of his working hours at his desk and takes no open air exercise. Physical deterioration is inevitable, and when a period of more than usual stress and anxiety arrives he is liable to succumb.

What American business men must learn is to slow down, take wholesome recreation and above all quit worrying, even over real troubles when they come, whereas most of them now worry over troubles that never come.—New York Herald.

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The Rehearsal.

By Martha Cobb Sanford.

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Gerald Brabrook was the typical social bachelor. He played with equal grace the role of guest and host, and hence was exceedingly popular. It struck him suddenly, however, that such little functions as he was in the habit of initiating were too formal, too elaborate. They lacked the personal, intimate charm of hospitality in a domestic setting.

He decided to do something quite different from the conventional theater, restaurant dinners or automobile parties upon which his reputation had been built.

After some little meditation he decided to entertain a very few guests at dinner in his bachelor quarters. The first thing, of course, was to gravely consider those to be invited. For some time Madeline Gaylord's name headed an imaginary list in complimentary isolation. Gradually, however, other names to the number of five were added. The date was next arranged for and the invitations to "a most informal dinner" issued.

The most important feature being thus dismissed, Brabrook turned his attention to the minor details incident to a simple house dinner party. The inventory of his household assets proved appallingly negative:

No dining room table.
No table linen.
No dishes.
Plenty of wineglasses.
No silver.
Two candlesticks.

Well, he could hire the table linen, the dishes and the silver from a caterer, but he preferred to buy it. It was a pity he had not allowed himself a little more time for preparations. A week furnished a narrow margin.

Realizing that no time must be lost, Gerald first purchased a mahogany dinner table, round and large enough to seat six easily. Elated over its acquisition and congratulating himself upon having had the remarkable foresight to invite just the right number to surround it, Brabrook attacked the next item on the list with a vim bordering upon enthusiasm.

"I'll ask Madeline Gaylord to help me out," he said to himself confidently and then immediately retracted the decision. No; he must do this thing all himself. Simple as the affair was to be, no woman should have the credit of having engineered it.

With the help of a very affable clerk Gerald selected a dinner cloth, napkins and appropriate centerpiece. It quite astonished him to find out how really expensive such everyday essentials were. He appreciated now for the first time why brides were supplied with "linen chests" as well as trousseaux.

It must be a great help to a young husband not to have to buy a lot of such things all at once. The purchase of the silver Gerald thoroughly enjoyed, and with very conscious pride he ordered his initials engraved upon each piece.

Gradually everything upon the list was checked off, and he was free to give his attention to the menu. This being quite in his line, all arrangements were soon concluded and left in charge of an expert chef.

As a master stroke of informality, however, Gerald decided to serve the dinner himself. To this end he considered a rehearsal necessary. Accordingly on the night preceding that for which the dinner was scheduled he rolled the new mahogany dining table into the middle of his not overspacious living room and reluctantly hid its polished surface under the damask cloth.

A cut glass cigar holder, punctiliously placed on the center, represented floral decorations. (He should have American Beauties for the dinner itself, Madeline liked them.)

In the midst of sorting out the shining silver into sets of six Gerald was called to the telephone.

"Hello!" he answered. "Who? Miss Gaylord? Well, send her right up."

There was no time for trying to understand this most extraordinary happening. Gerald could only conclude that Madeline in an impulse of generosity had come over to offer her assistance. But Madeline unchaperoned!

"This is awfully good of you, Madeline," he said, with warm cordiality, ushering her in. "I am really in a hole over the arrangement of the silver. Do the spoons go here at the right or at the top or"—

"Just wait till I get my things off, Gerald, and I'll help you," Madeline interrupted gayly. "Oh, isn't it going to be fun?"

Gerald in a bewilderment of admiration watched the long coat fall from Madeline's graceful shoulders.

"A dream!" he murmured sotto voce.

Madeline blushed becomingly.

"Well, you certainly act as if you were in one, Gerald," she commented lightly. "Come, let's set the table. Oh," she broke off, laughing, "how awfully funny that cigar holder looks in the center of the table! You certainly aren't going to have it there. This isn't a stag dinner, you know."

"Oh, that's just a dummy," Gerald answered condescendingly. "There are to be American Beauties."

"Where are they?" demanded the mistress of ceremonies.

"Oh, let's not put them on now. They'd wilt," said Gerald whimsically. "And, anyway, they haven't come."

"Then for the time being I'm going to use these I'm wearing," Madeline announced.

Gerald, entirely forgetful of the unshared glory that he had coveted, stood watching Madeline as she deftly distributed the silver on the table. Her small, shapely hands seemed fairly to twinkle.

"Come, Gerald; make yourself useful," Madeline chided laughingly as she looked up suddenly and became conscious of his attitude of idle admiration.

Gerald obeyed.

"I hope the others won't get here before we're ready," she added excitedly. "Wasn't it lucky I happened to come a little early? You see, Mrs. Sinclair was delayed by"—

But she got no further with her explanation.

Gerald's belated gasp of "The others!" startled her into abrupt silence. She stood staring at him in painful embarrassment.

"It isn't possible," she finally managed to ask him, "that I've come on the wrong evening?"

Gerald made a heroic effort to put Madeline at her ease. Of course it was her mistake.

"Well, this was just intended for a rehearsal, you see. The real thing I had planned for Thursday, tomorrow night. But I'm awfully glad that you happened"—

"Gerald," interrupted Madeline dramatically, "this is tomorrow night. I mean it's Thursday night. Ask any one—ask the hallboy."

For a moment Gerald looked stupefied, but in a flash his natural social tact furnished a way out of the dilemma.

"Finish setting the table, do, Madeline," he urged. "Just hunt around till you find things—I'll go telephone the chef to get something over here in the way of food. It's lucky I planned an 'informal dinner,' isn't it?" he added, appreciating to the full the humor of the situation.

It was some little time before Gerald and the chef were able to come to an understanding.

"Hang it all!" Gerald finally called over the wire. "Never mind what's happened. I want a dinner served at my rooms tonight no matter when I ordered it."

"But you ordered it for tonight, sir. This is Thursday," thundered back the chef. "Of course it will all be there."

So it was his own mistake. In his enthusiasm he had lost track of the days.

When Gerald came back to Madeline he found her surveying the table with an air of very evident approval.

"I like your tablecloth, Gerald," she commented admiringly. "It's a beauty."

"It has one drawback," Gerald said solemnly. "It's the only one I have. I shall be forced to starve while it's being laundered. By the way, have you a linen chest, Madeline?"

"Why, of course not," Madeline replied. "Only engaged girls are interested in those."

"I should think it would be great fun getting one ready," Gerald ventured courageously. "Shouldn't you, dear?"

Madeline did not answer, but she felt that Gerald must hear the mad beating of her heart as he stood there behind her chair.

"Look up, little girl," he asked tenderly, "and tell me that I haven't waited all these years in vain, watching you grow up adorably sweet and beautiful. You do love me a little?"

Madeline looked up, and Gerald bent over to kiss her smiling eyes and lips.

All too soon the insistent telephone brought the lovers back to reality.

"The others," exclaimed Madeline, jumping up. "Goodness, how does my hair look?"

Hissing and Encores.

Hissing in playhouses had its origin in Paris in 1650 on the occasion of the presentation of Pulenelle's tragedy, "Aspar." Prior to that time suffering audiences were wont to yawn audibly and fall asleep when the apathy of the actors and performances justified that course. But on this occasion the indignant audience, driven to desperation by the platitudes of Aspar, voiced their anger by hisses which drove the actors into temporary retirement, according to the testimony of the poet Rol, who alludes to the incident in his "Brevet de la Calotte." Hissing thereafter became fashionable.

The first encore noted in the annals of the stage was accorded to Livius Andronicus, a Roman actor. He was popular with the masses and was called back so often to repeat his speeches that in self defense he brought a boy to declaim for him while he himself applied the gestures. While encores became the rage in subsequent ages, it is known that Andronicus' plan of having an understudy before him before the audience to share his honors has not generally been adopted by Thespians.—Show World.

Lord Dudley's Remissness.

Sydney Smith narrated a number of stories of the absentmindedness of Lord Dudley, a warm friend and parishioner. In the street one day Smith was amused by Dudley's overtaking him, linking his arm in that of his pastor and telling him in all earnestness that he should like for him above all things to meet Sydney Smith. Without revealing his identity, Smith returned that he had met the man on several occasions and hastened away.

One Sunday Dudley occupied a seat almost directly under the pulpit where Smith was delivering one of his strongest sermons. Glancing down, he was forced almost to laugh outright as his lordship, grasping his heavy cane, knocked on the door and ejaculated "Hear, hear!" evidently thinking he was in the midst of a parliamentary session.—New York Tribune.

A Coin Trick.

Rub a coin against a smooth, upright surface for a little while, then press it hard and take your hand away from it. You will be surprised perhaps to see this coin stick to the wood. The reason is that in rubbing the coin over the wood and then pressing it hard, you drive out all the air between the two objects, and the pressure of the atmosphere keeps the coin in its place.

Not Sanguine.

Majestic Person—Do you know my lad, that every British boy has a chance of becoming prime minister of England? Youngster (thoughtfully)—Well, I'll sell my chance for a shilling.—Tit-Bits.

Musical Number, Act I, Smethport Lyceum, Thursday, Feb. 4.

VOLCANOES.

They Are Not Burning Mountains as We Understand That Term.

"What are volcanoes?"

Nine out of every ten persons would immediately have an answer of some sort to the question above, for have they not a lively remembrance of having learned in their schoolbooks that "a volcano is a burning mountain, from the summit of which are sent out smoke and flames?" This popular fancy has been exploded by scientists, whose work is to explode popular fancies.

In the first place, volcanoes are not necessarily mountains. In reality they are just the reverse—that is, holes in the earth's crust. Out of these are thrown the materials which, accumulating, form the heaps which we popularly call mountains.

These are, then, the result and not the cause of the action. Neither are they "burning," as we understand the term. There is no combustion nor any action we might reasonably call "burning."

The action need not necessarily take place at the summit, for eruptions are just as frequent at the sides or even at the base. The so called "smoke" is nothing more or less than the clouds of condensing steam which are formed on every occasion when an eruption occurs.

Lastly, the "flames," so called, are merely the reflection of the mass of molten rock and material inside the crater on the clouds of steam above, thus appearing as a glowing light. The friction, too, set up by the motion of the materials causes electricity, and hence the lightning discharges which add to the illuminating effect.—Pearson's Magazine.

VOTED WITHOUT BALLOTS.

An Election Day at Charlottesville, Va., in 1804.

At Charlottesville, Va., the seat of Albemarle county, according to Miss Mary Johnston's chronicle of "Lewis Rand," they were voting for a member of the house of delegates. It was the fourth Wednesday in April. The year was 1804.

"Under the locust trees to the right of the open gate were placed long tables and on them three mighty punch bowls, flanked by drinking cups and guarded by house servants of venerable appearance and stately manners. Here good Federalists refreshed themselves. To the left of the gate, upon the trampled grass beneath a mulberry, appeared other punch bowls and in addition a barrel of whisky ready broached for all good Democrat-Republicans. The sunny street was filled with horses, vehicles and servants; the broad path between the trees, the turf on either hand and the courthouse steps were crowded with riotous voters. All ranks of society, all ages, occupations and opinions, met in the genial weather beneath the trees, where sang every bird of spring."

Within the courthouse the sheriff presided. Conspicuous sat the two candidates. There were no ballots, but each voter made known his choice by living voice:

"I vote, sir," cried the colonel, "for Mr. Ludwell Cary, for a gentleman and a patriot, sir, and may the old county never be represented but by such!"

Garibaldi's Simplicity of Character.

An instance of Garibaldi's modesty and simplicity of character is afforded by the following letter, written to his wife at Caprera the day after the battle of Digion:

Dear Francesca.—Yesterday the Italian volunteers fought the whole day against the Prussians, the best soldiers in the world, and won. The weather here is very cold, and it is snowing. I dare say it will be the same in the Mediterranean. Take care of the cows and see that the calves do not suffer from the cold. Tell Pietro to sow the beans at the Toto and tell the children, Clelia and Manlio, that when I passed Marseilles I saw some beautiful toys, which on my return I shall get for them.

Ingenious Ponies.

A rather curious habit has been developed by Mexican ponies in connection with the cactus thorns. When these creatures are thirsty it is said that before attempting to put their mouths to the prickly plant they will first of all stand and kick at the cactus with their heels. By this means the thorns are broken and the leathery skin bruised, and so the ponies can drink their fill of the cool juice without injury.—Strand Magazine.

BUYING WISDOM.

The Secret of Buying What is Best for You to Have.

Secret? that so few have. It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital.

Knowing how to select qualities—judging values—spending just enough—getting what you need—saving here—doing without there—It's a long story.

AT THIS SEASON

when so many chances are taken—gifts to be made—at random almost—we put up against the inexperience of the buyer the proposition: If you buy what you don't want bring it back and get the money.

NOW THIS STORE

is full of Men's Wearables for Holiday Trade. The right goods for everybody.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.

I have been at ENGSTROM'S GROCERY, and you can tell that I am pleased. It's an old idea about a pleased customer being the best advertisement for a store. We believe in continuous advertising of this kind. Our Groceries are of the satisfying sort. You will feel that every article from our stock is well worth the price, and will be glad to order another lot of the same brand. We lay more stress on high quality than on low price. Our values are just. Make up an order for us and be pleased.

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions.

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINistrators, Executors and Guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean in the State of Pennsylvania, on the fourth (4th) Monday of February, A. D. 1909.

First and partial account of Herman H. North, executor of the last Will and Testament of John K. Merriam, deceased.

First and final account of Dolila J. Colwell, administratrix of the estate of John Colwell, deceased.

First and final account of F. J. Goodfellow, administrator of the estate of W. A. Nihoff, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of John B. Eastman, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Luther Eastman, deceased.

Final account of Lewis C. Knapp and Thomas L. Knapp, executors of the last Will and Testament of Emeline L. Knapp, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of Herbert E. Allen, administrator of the estate of Elmira Prosser, deceased.

Final account of A. J. Douglas, executor of the last Will and Testament of James Maloney, deceased.

Second and partial account of Harriet C. Saunders and Lydia C. Rose Lewis, executors of the last Will and Testament of W. J. Colegrove, deceased.

First, partial and distributive account of Ada M. Young, administrator, c. t. a. of the last Will and Testament of Ann Elida Taylor, deceased.

First and final accounts of Frank Eckert, guardian of Winnie Bishop, Della Bishop and George Bishop, late minor children of Emery LeRoy Bishop, deceased.

First, partial and distribution account of Arthur L. Bailey, administrator of the estate of F. H. Bailey, deceased.

First and final account of Andrew Gustafson, administrator of the estate of August Johnson, deceased.

First and final account of E. E. Eldridge, guardian of Polly Parker Mitchelltree, late minor child of Noah B. Parker, both deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.

Smethport, Pa., January 28, 1909.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 21, October Term, 1908.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Maud Miller did, on the 2nd day of June 1908, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Frank E. Miller.

We therefore command you, the said Frank E. Miller, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February, 1909, to answer the petition or libel of Maud Miller and show cause, if any you have, why the said Frank E. Miller, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 25, 1909.

F. W. Hastings, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 14, Oct. Term, 1908.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Earl D. Kilpatrick did, on the 1st of June, 1908, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Aibell Kilpatrick.

We therefore command you, the said Aibell Kilpatrick, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Earl D. Kilpatrick and show cause, if any you have, why the said Earl D. Kilpatrick your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 25, 1909.

Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 249, October Term, 1908.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Elsie F. Colin did, on the 4th day of September, 1908, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, John B. Colin.

We therefore command you, the said John B. Colin, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next, to answer the petition of Elsie F. Colin, or libel of Elsie F. Colin and show cause, if any you have, why the said Elsie F. Colin should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 25, 1909.

E. B. Mayo & Son, Libellant's Attorney.

Eat What

You want of the food you need Kodol will digest it.

You need a sufficient amount of good wholesome food and more than this you need to fully digest it.

Else you can't gain strength, nor can you strengthen your stomach if it is weak.

You must eat in order to live and maintain strength.

You must not diet, because the body requires that you eat a sufficient amount of food regularly.

But this food must be digested, and it must be digested thoroughly.

When the stomach can't do it, you must take something that will help the stomach.

The proper way to do is to eat what you want, and let Kodol digest the food.

Nothing else can do this. When the stomach is weak it needs help; you must help it by giving it rest, and Kodol will do that.

Our Guarantee

Go to your druggist today, and purchase a dollar bottle, and if you can honestly say, that you did not receive any benefits from it, after using the entire bottle, the druggist will refund your money to you without question or delay.

We will pay the druggist the price of the bottle purchased by you.

This offer applies to the large bottle only and to but one in a family.

We could not afford to make such an offer, unless we positively know what Kodol will do for you.

It would bankrupt us.

The dollar bottle contains 2½ times as much as the fifty cent bottle.

Kodol is made at the laboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

Marlin

A 6½ lb. 5x5 gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the Marlin Model 16 Repeating Shotgun, the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured

For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the Marlin Model 16 without a peer.

Equipped, like the famous Marlin Model 19, with the Marlin solid top, and the Marlin closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, dirt and snow from the action, having the Marlin side ejection and the beautiful Marlin balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. Have your dealer show it.

There's a full description of all Marlin repeaters, rifles and shotguns, and lots of valuable information for all gun-lovers in the "Marlin Book" just issued. 136 pages with a handsome art cover. It's FREE for 2 stamps postage.

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